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RELIGIOUS THOUGHT IN JAPAN.

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JAPAN, which was a mysterious land to the Western nations until about half a century ago, has now come to be better known by the world. In America and Europe there are many books and journals concerning it, while occasionally lecturers discuss the Oriental Empire. Through these instrumentalities it is introduced to the Occidental civilization day by day. To the writers and lecturers who take this trouble of mediatorship between both nations, we, the Japanese, are very grateful; but I am sorry to say that unfortunately our customs and ideas, especially the religious ones, are greatly misrepresented in these writings and lectures. The incomplete acquirement of the English language by my countrymen; careless judgment or assumption relating to Japanese thought and customs by travellers; religious or non-religious bias; some habit or prejudice on the side of the interpreter who introduces the West to the East; a similar defect on the part of the flitting traveller, whose limited knowledge of Japan is obtained by some particular isolated experience;—these are the common sources of various mistakes, and mostly belong to external conditions. Besides these, there is, on the religious question, another great source of misunderstanding; it is of an internal and spiritual nature, deeply set and hidden below the surface, which originates from what is called the exoteric, as opposed to the esoteric view. My presentation

of the religious thought of Japan must recognize one peculiarity of the people, which is not usually understood to exist, by travellers and writers from the Occident. Unintentionally, perhaps, misrepresentations are made by tourists and missionaries, who, seeing only the outward life of the people in their supposed worship, consider them ignorant, unthinking, and superstitious idolaters. Such a conception of the Japanese and their religion is very far from true. The peculiarity to which I have referred consists in the fact that more frequently than otherwise, the individual Japanese will be found to be a Buddhist, a Shintoist, a follower of Confucius, and possibly a warm admirer of Jesus. Any failure to understand this strange complexity of the Japanese mind is a failure to understand the religious thought of Japan. This outside or exoteric view of our religion, by the Western people, is the cause of our being called heathen; and this is one of the reasons why our rightful claim to revise the treaty, stipulated forty years ago between the Western powers and Japan on an unequal and disadvantageous footing, is still ignored. My main object in this essay is to explain the widely understood esoteric view of the Japanese people, that the world at large may comprehend them, and understand that they are not worshippers of idols.

As many Japanese worship before shrines, temples, and images, they are supposed by outsiders to be idolaters. The addresses (not prayers) commonly uttered when worshipping are not petitions for favors from the Almighty, and the true meaning of them is well understood even by the most vulgar and ignorant person.

First of all, the address of Shintō, "Harai tamai, kiyome tamai," meaning to clear away the impurity from the mind so that it may coincide with the truth, well shows the above fact. Next, in the shrine of Shinto, there is generally no image or idol, but a "Gohei" or "Nusa," a piece of regularly cut white paper, dependent on a wand as the figure. This is placed in the interior of the shrine, and represents the truth, the clean and uni-colored or non-colored paper, regularly cut, being the symbol of the purity and immutability of universal reason or truth; while the many turns or overlappings of the small pieces hanging down from the precedent



ones represent the perpetual changes and revolutions of the phenomena of the universe. The worshippers believe that in the shrine they can correct their immoral characters by comparing them with the criterion symbol of the truth. There is also a round mirror lifted before the sanctuary of the shrine, suggesting the idea that the worshippers must clear their minds, just as before the mirror they adjust their garments.

The Japanese word "Kami," now invariably used as meaning the same as the English word "God" by the Christian missionaries in Japan, contains no idea of the image or idol. This word is the abbreviation of the word "Kangami," which literally means to think and perceive the truth, which also originated the word "Kagami," mirror. In our mythology the word "Koto," prefixed with "Mi," the honorable, the original meaning of which was the lord or ruler, is used instead of the word "Kami" to represent the Supreme Being, and has the same Aryan origin as the English word "God," if I infer correctly from Webster's philological reference. He gives the word "God" as of the same origin as A-S., O. Sax. and D. *god*, Icel. *gudh*, *godh*, Sw. and Dan. *gud*, O. H. Ger. *got*, N. H. Ger. *gott*, Goth. *guth*, allied to Pers. *khoda*, Hind. *khuda*; and he says, "in Persian, *goda* or *khoda* signifies lord, master, prince or ruler." According to this the Japanese "Koto" must have been derived from the same Aryan stock from which — as I claim, and which I will some time treat as a special subject — the pure Japanese language originated. This change in the use of the word — that is, from Koto, used only for mythological deities, to the more philosophical word "Kami," — must have taken place in olden times; and the other facts explained above show that though the origin of Shinto was ancestor worship, that idea died long since, and the ethical and philosophical conception has developed and taken its place. In fact, we have many shrines or temples for apotheosized men as well as women, who did some great work for Japan or were worthy to be looked upon as models of morality; but they are the places where ethics are taught to the common people, and contain no other thing than Nusa or Gohei or some symbols of the truth.

Our idea of apotheosis, and the dedication of temples and shrines for the use of public teaching of morality, is generally to name after and commemorate some meritorious person. It

is akin to the American and European notion of naming universities, public buildings, and churches after distinguished individuals, and dedicating the buildings as monuments of their greatness.

I might explain in greater detail the Shinto religion; but I fear that it would weary the reader, so I will proceed to give an idea of the views of our people on Buddhism.

As this religion was introduced through China and Corea from India, it seems very reasonable to suppose that the Japanese have the same idea of it as the people of those countries. But really it is not so, for a subject is viewed according to the mental plane of the investigator, and the Japanese interpret in the Japanese way. At present there are a dozen sects of this religion in Japan, but they have one common vein of thought, the only difference being in the exoteric tenets and rituals.

Some Buddhist temples have images, while others have none, but they are not regarded as sacred. In the case where an image is used, it is important to understand the attitude of the worshipper toward it. Let me illustrate by the image Amidabutsu, which word is the Japanized form of the original Sanscrit or Pali. This literally means Buddh or Truth of an eternal life, but not Gautama. Here I am obliged to expound the meaning of the word "Buddh," for the Western nations understand it generally as Gautama himself. It has a triple meaning: First, truth or reason, or cause and effect; second, the human consciousness of it; third, the one who is conscious or has the potential consciousness of it.

This title of Buddha is applied to Gautama, but any person who understands universal reason is a Buddh. Again, not only the person who understands, but every human being in the world is a Buddha; for notwithstanding his unconsciousness of reason, he has its highest potency and is governed by it, the only difference being that the one understands well and the other does not. In the latter case, every kind of obstruction blinds him from seeing truth, while in the former, all circumstances are very favorable to his understanding. Again, not only man, but each lower animal is a Buddh, for he has the same potential consciousness of the highest reason, and acts or moves according to the same truth. I admit that the boundary of understanding is very limited in the latter case, and that those in the lowest class have only dim con-

sciousness in its embryotic state. Still again, each plant is a Buddh; for though it has not the same consciousness as the higher animal, yet it grows, reproduces, and decays according to the same natural reason which governs us, and it has the potential consciousness of this universal truth. Finally, each inorganic thing is Buddh; for though it is not conscious as higher organic beings are, yet it is equally governed by the same natural law or reason; and as not only the lower organic, but human beings are composed of the inorganic in good order, we must conclude that each inorganic thing has the potential power of the same consciousness which we have, because if it has no minimum of potential consciousness, the human being made out of these accumulated non-conscious elements cannot be conscious — no accumulation of zero can make one.

Thus far we understand that all the beings in the universe are Buddh; that is, actually or potentially conscious of universal reason or truth which governs them, which, having neither beginning nor end, is therefore eternal life. The image of Amida-butsu is only the symbol of this eternal universal truth.

This symbolization of truth must seem very ridiculous to those minds whose mental capacity is developed enough to comprehend it without a symbol; but if they think a moment, they will understand that no human intellect can master a complex idea without the aid of some temporal sign representing it. For instance, the mathematician cannot count nor measure anything unless he uses numerical figures. Suppose he wishes to estimate the distance in miles from the sun to the planet Neptune, he will adhere from first to last to the numerical and symbolical figures. Is it not strange, that though his final aim is to find the true distance and not the figures, yet the result gained, the mean distance from the sun in miles, is again represented by symbols, as 2,745,998,000; and again, if his problem is to find the weight of the earth, he will give the result in round numbers, as 6,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 tons, which is only 1-300,000 part of the weight of the sun. No human conception, even that of the mathematician himself, can grasp such vast numbers, but beholds the series of the figures. The same may be said of the chemist. When a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen is exploded and entirely converted into water, he will write it

thus: $2H_2 + O_2 = 2OH_2$; and in the case of a more complex combination, he will rely more upon symbols. In all other branches of science the same use of symbols is necessary.

If the reader considers that these are comparatively simple scientific cases, which concern those men who are logical enough to understand natural reason better than the mass of the people, he will at once imagine with how much difficulty the most profound, complex, and generalized reason can be shown to those of inferior calibre without the means of symbolical representation.

It may be argued that reformed Christianity does not rely upon any idol or image. I know very well that no image made of material things is used by its teachers; but one day I heard a minister of the gospel say, "While you pray, you must remember that God is now coming to the next street." That this conception of God contradicts the idea of omnipresence, is evident; for if God is thought to be coming to the next street, He must be absent from every other place. Again, that this conception includes idolatry, will be understood by anybody. To be present at a certain limited place implies that He has limited shape and body, exactly as has the god of a picture or image; and truly in the mind of the worshipper a picture or image exists, which for practical purposes is not far removed from the material idol. This is a necessary result of mental process that truth must be symbolized, in order that the average mind may comprehend; but one of high intellect may understand and remember without any sign; to such a person the idol or image is unnecessary.

Thus far the notion of the image well corresponds with the address "Namu Amida Butsu," uttered by the common people of Japan, meaning to commit to the eternal truth.

In the temple, where no image is kept, an upright tablet with the inscription "Peace for Japan," or "Hail to the Emperor," is placed in the centre of the sanctuary, as in the Zen or Dhiana (meditation) sect; neither is there used in this sect any Buddhistic scripture, except for the sake of private study by individuals.

In the Nichiren sect a banner is hung or carried, on which are written the words "Namu Myohorengekyo," being a translation from the Sanscrit "Namo Saddharma Pundarikya Sutra," meaning to commit to the reason expounded in the

Pundarikya or lotus flower scripture, this being one of the highest doctrines taught by Gautama before his death.

Although in Japan there are two so-called religions, the Shinto and Buddhist, yet both are intimate and tolerant; and but very few people believe only one of them; generally a person believes both, at the same time accepting also the doctrine of Confucius.

From this fact it may be inferred that the Japanese people are not idolaters, but that they are truth seekers, from whatever kind of religion or doctrine. I maintain the opinion that if early Christianity, which was introduced into my country several hundred years ago, had not been the primordial cause of rebellion among the people, or at least if the early Christians had not combined with the revolvers against the government, the Japanese people would not look upon this religion with the prejudice of hereditary horror, and it might now be tolerated and accepted equally with other beliefs.

Here let me take a cursory view of the systematic doctrine taught by Gautama. His teaching, which is a philosophy, but which after his death took the form of religion, consists of two general divisions: namely, Mahayana and Hinayana, or the great and the small vehicle. The former is abstract philosophical reason, and is not well apprehended, except by those whose mental capacity is highly developed; while the latter is the concrete form of ethics adapted to the mass of mankind who live on the lower plane of mentality. Both have the same aim: to attain Nirvana, which is interpreted by Western nations as the actual annihilation of human desire or passion; but this is a mistake.

Nirvana is nothing else than universal reason, and the misunderstanding comes from the literal or exoteric interpretation of its attributes. For instance, a stone is falling to the ground; as it moves towards the earth, the motion is that of the stone; but this phenomenon is governed by the law of the attraction of gravitation, which law has no motion in itself, but is changeless and eternal. Again, take another instance of the internal phenomenon of mind, say anger; this passion is an excited motion of mind, but it is manifested through the eternally unchangeable law, which has no motion nor passion.

Now Nirvana is this law; and though it is very calm and

dispassionate, yet no desire, no passion, no mental phenomenon can exist without this Nirvanic principle. To explain in another way, passion is itself Nirvana, and is calm and non-passionate; that is, the phenomenon of passion is very excitable, but the principle which governs this passion is not a passion. It is supposed from this idea that a suppression of sensation and desire is necessary; but that is a mistake; such a suppression could not benefit humanity. For suppose the actual annihilation of the passion is attained, a complete cessation of the sensitive organs, with inaction of the mental process, will be the result. There will then be no feeling, no intellect, no will; man would be like a statue in stone, inferior to the earthworm. It is not the aim of philosophers, including Gautama, to make human beings idiotic or senseless, but to teach them the unchangeable principle which may be utilized and deduced for the changeable daily life of human society. Those lofty minds who understand higher, abstract truth are very calm, but also free and active. They need no special law made for them, for they can formulate their own rule of action at any time or at any occasion. But those not elevated upon this plane must be governed by certain temporal laws, especially made for them.

Moral codes, as well as all other laws made by man, are the same as Hinayana Nirvana. These codes have no fixed form, but vary according to the people and their environments. At one time the law will command that certain desires and passions be suppressed, if the tendency of the people is selfish; while again a timid race are ordered to indulge in natural propensities which a bolder people would be obliged to control. But it must be borne in mind that these changeable temporal laws are made variously, according to circumstances, with the measure of Mahayana Nirvana, the eternal and unchangeable principle.

It is very unwise to judge or study the Buddhist doctrine from those temporal codes or ethics, made for ages long past, when Gautama lived, at the same time neglecting his pure philosophical principles, which will (if his system is not sophistry) be unchangeable through eternity. The nineteenth century is far different from his age; we ought not to obey his ethical doctrine as a whole. Drive away Gautama from the brain, and strive to understand universal truth, which was his desire. He does not claim that his

doctrine alone is truth, but any theory which even opposes his own is claimed as Buddhism, because each person has a different mental sphere; and his every notion is truth well grasped by him. The word "Buddhism," meaning understanding, applies to any religion or philosophy by which one gets a comprehension of some truth; or as Christ appealed to the understanding, Christianity, properly understood, may be the name of any belief which conveys some truth to the believer.

Some may argue that, if my conception of Shintoism and Buddhism is correct, these doctrines are atheistic, and will never coincide with Christianity, which teaches God. But the word "atheistic" means something or nothing, according to the conception of God. As I said before, if God can be personalized into the form of man, image, or picture, I am constrained to say that the existence of such a being is denied by Buddhists and Shintoists. But God is not limited; and if I am right, He is spirit, or the real essence of universal reason, the connecting link between cause and effect — truth is God. According to this conception the word "atheist" does not mean anything, for no one can deny the existence of truth, and those who call themselves atheists are true theists.

Another objection to be expected is that God existed before this truth or reason, which was made by Him; but that this implies contradiction is clearly shown. First think what the expression "to make" means. It is to create something. But how is it created? It is created by some existing reason or truth; that is, "to make" is itself a reason, therefore to make a reason means to create a reason by an already existing reason, and the reason made by God is superfluous, which implies uselessness of God — an awful blasphemy! If God is spirit or truth, then, as I said before, there is no difference between Christianity and Buddhism.

Not only by this parallel, but from the general point of view, all so-called religions of the world may be synthetized; and again not only the religions, but all sciences and philosophies. The present conflict in the religious arena is purely about exoteric questions; and when the true definition of religion is settled, the existing opposition will subside. Although one person believes in an imaginary God, or deified idol, and another in natural reason, the true nature of either of these is a mystery, and can never be understood by any logical method. It is accepted as such, without being com-

prehended; that is, *a priori* belief in an unknown entity — "Entitism," if I may use the term, which no science and philosophy can conquer, for it is the starting point of all science and religion. This entitism I call synthetic religion, in which I include all religions, sciences, philosophies.

This synthetic idea has been understood in Japan for centuries, as the historical facts show. When Buddhism was first introduced into Japan, 552 A. D., the Imperial Prince, known as Shootoku Taishi, was the ardent adherent of this religion, and by his influence it rapidly advanced; but this prince was not a limited Buddhist, for he encouraged Shintoism at the same time, and the first compilation of our mythology was accomplished by him.

In the ninth century Kooboo Daishi (born 774 and died 835 A. D.), the founder of the Shingon sect, achieved the reconciliation of Shinto and Buddhist religions; and many famous Shinto temples were presided over by Buddhist priests, until about twenty years ago, when both were separated. After him there were numerous teachers and priests who taught this same idea.

Finally, about one hundred and fifty years ago, a layman named Baigan Ishida established his Casuistry (Shingaku) on Shintoism, Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism, which were then the only doctrines extant in Japan. He taught the common people the uniformity of these different doctrines in plain words, and was very popular on account of his broad idea. It was the time when the feudal system was in its glorious height; and the feudal lords, having nothing more to fight for, became anxious to improve their minds and develop thought. Baigan Ishida was received by them, their families and subjects with delight. After his death his followers continued to promulgate his teachings all over Japan.

The Japanese people of to-day understand this synthetic idea more or less, and conceive of the numerous teachings in the world as the various views of one and the same truth from the different points of the situation, as the following verses commonly quoted by them indicate: —

"Wake noboru
Fumoto no michi wa
Ooke redo,
Onaji takane no
Tsuki wo miru kana;"

Which translated means, Though there are many roads at the foot of the mountain, yet if the top is reached the same moon is seen.

“ Ame arare
Yuki ya koori to
Hedatsu redo,
Otsu reba onaji
Tani gawa no midsu; ”

This means, Rain, hail, snow, ice, each differs from the other, but falling, it is water in the same stream.

Religious antagonists, who insist upon their own truths and oppose others, may be compared to persons who, viewing a circular flat substance from different situations, pronounce it round or oval or even straight, according to the point of view. Each conception is correct, and to recognize that fact is synthetical, the complete understanding, the attainment of Nirvana, which we call Satori or Hotoke in Japanese.

In the modern progress of the human mind, those different schools of science and philosophy which used to dispute with one another, are now tending to decrease their heedless valor and opposition, and are striving to cancel their sectarian differences, and to take up the common points in which they coincide. Religion, formerly the most intolerant of them all, shows the same tendency. The most prominent proof of this is the Religious Parliament, which will convene at the Chicago World's Fair next year, when the representatives from all the historical religions in the world will assemble and sit in intimate consultation without any distinction or opposition. The time is not far distant when Syntheticism or Japanism is to be realized. Already we behold the rosy glow of the morning of the new era; and as the glorious sun of truth advances in his march toward the zenith of blue heaven, and high noon approaches, all mankind, basking in his warmth, shall be strengthened and renewed.

THE NEW EDUCATION AND CHARACTER BUILDING.

BY PROFESSOR JOS. RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.

THE vast superiority of exercise of the intellect upon things, over its exercise upon printed words, is familiar to all who know anything of manual training, drawing, gymnastics, and practical work in botany, geology, and chemistry. The very methods which thus give the intellect its most vigorous culture cultivate simultaneously the higher principles and the practical energies.*

The great improvement in intellectual power when it is combined with industrial training was forcibly shown in a report made by Dr. Chadwick to the British Association.

In one large establishment containing some six hundred children, half girls and half boys, the means of industrial occupation were gained for the girls before any were obtained for the boys. The girls were therefore put upon half-time tuitions; that is, their time of book instruction was reduced from thirty-six to eighteen hours a week, given on three alternate days of their industrial occupation, the boys remaining at full schooltime of thirty-six hours per week, the teaching being the same system, as well as teachers, also the same attendance in weeks and years. On the periodical examination of the school, surprise was expressed by the inspectors at finding how much

* The contrast with this, the old ultra-verbal and ultra-scholastic method (though it may not have paralyzed natural genius, for there are men who rise above and beyond colleges), has uniformly failed to evolve originality and depth of thought of which each individual may be capable. Even such a school as West Point, which might be supposed least liable to the enfeebling effect of the verbal method, has not escaped it. The shrewd General Butler says that "Grant evidently did not get enough of West Point to hurt him. The less of West Point a man has the more successful he will be. All of the very successful generals of our war stood near the lower end of their classes at West Point. As examples take Grant, Sheridan, and Sherman. All the graduates in the higher ranks in their classes never came to anything as leaders of armies in the war." The success of Grant had nothing to do with a college. It was due to that wonderful power of intuition, ever ready both in battle and in council, which has so often led men to a success that no one expected, and which is continually leading those almost uneducated to eminent success in every walk of life. In Germany and Austria, which are the very den of ultra-scholasticism, it is refreshing to hear of a glimpse of common sense from the Archduke Johann Salvator, who a few years since addressed an audience of over thirteen hundred army officers and guests at Vienna, making a protest against the overdrill which makes the soldier an idiotic machine. He maintained that we should educate the soldier, elevate his moral faculties, and "abolish the worship of mere forms which turns an army into a collection of hypocrites, who simulate obedience, and whose will is broken artificially until they are unfit for judgment in case of need." The idiotizing tyranny of the army drill is the same in spirit with that which has ruled the college for a thousand years, and made its pupils the resolute antagonists of progress.

more mentally alert and in advance in book attainments the girls were than the boys. Subsequently, industrial occupation was found for the boys, when their time of book instruction was reduced from thirty-six to eighteen hours weekly; and after a while the boys were proved, upon examination, to have obtained their previous relative position, which was in advance of the girls.

But while industrial culture, in mechanical art and the natural sciences, produces a strong intelligence and a solid character, we need something more to develop the generous, sympathetic, loving, religious, and refined elements of character, which elevate human life toward the heavenly plane, abolishing its inharmonies and miseries, and which at the same time give an expansion, a brilliancy, and a richness to the intellect which nothing else can supply, and for the lack of which much of our literature is intolerably dry. It is an illustrative fact that at the Seguin school for feeble-minded children the chief reliance for their restoration was upon their kind, loving sentiments. The mind is made clear by these, as it is clouded by their opposites.

To accomplish this we must adopt a principle which I have presented as a discovery in psychology, which has not been known or understood as a psychological fact, and to which my repeated publication has not yet called sufficient attention to introduce a revolutionary change in educational methods. The principle is that the eye, being our most intellectual organ, acts chiefly upon the intellect, and only through that reaches the effective elements of character; but the ear has its association in the brain with the region of feeling (which has been physiologically demonstrated), and through that reaches all the elements of character. The vibration of sound, slower than that of light, reaches effectively the stronger and slower regions of the brain (of coarser texture) in which the feelings, volitions, and passions reside; while the infinitesimal delicacy and rapidity of the impressions of light, which act upon the optic nerve and idea-producing regions of the front lobe, adapt it to the wonderful rapidity and delicacy of the intellectual faculties, but unfit it for moving the slower elements of character. Thought detracts from the energies which produce action, and, if excessively cultivated, produces a tranquil, feeble, passionless character. The bookworm is a feeble personage in practical life.

On the other hand, sound acts upon the brain so as to assume the empire of all the feelings and impulses. Every

tone of the voice produces a response in our feelings, every note in music strikes upon some element of our feelings, and the happy combination of the notes produces an exhilaration of all our faculties. The hilarity of the dance, the solemnity of religion, and the pathos of tender sentiment are all at the command of the musical composer. There is a charm in true music, a power over all our sentiments which nothing else possesses. We remember it with delight.

“And I look with eyes that know naught of tears
Back through the curtain of gathered years,
And hear again the same old tunes
That made Decembers eternal Junes.”

There is a scientific relation between each tone of voice, and note in music, and the faculty of the soul (with the organ in the brain), to which it is related, and which responds as a vibrant wire responds to its appropriate note; and I would undertake, if there were reason for such a specification, to designate each special convolution or group of convolutions which responds to a given note. That the response occurs, we all know and vividly feel, and any analysis of the brain would give me its *modus operandi*. The larynx is near the *medulla oblongata*, our great vital centre, and the vibrations of the vocal chords continually resound through the brain, compelling a corresponding action.

Every variation of our emotions changes the tone of the voice, producing a tone which calls out the same emotion in another; for the tone and the emotion, or impulse, are inseparable, and by adopting any tone we call out the corresponding emotion in ourselves. The actor thus realizes the feeling which he expresses with his voice, whether of sympathy or of defiance. We can bring ourselves into any mood we please, or cultivate the coarse and angry passions by assuming their expression.

If, then, vocal expression commands the entire character, why should it not be used to cultivate and develop any element of character that we desire? Instead of merely repressing the coarse and turbulent expression of debasing passions, we should continually use this power to develop the highest elements of humanity.

We have heretofore had only mental culture by the visual method; the optic nerve has had the absolute supremacy. But if we aim to cultivate character as well as intellect, it must be

by vocal and aural methods. By the voice and ear alone can we expect to elevate mankind rapidly to a higher social condition, to change the selfish, unsocial, discordant life, continually sinking into crime and despair, into a life of social harmony, stability, kindness, and incorruptible virtue.

Patiently waiting for the evolution of truth and emancipation of mankind from the thralldom of habit, after half a century's delay, I find the substantial value of industrial education to supply the signal deficiency of the old system beginning to be recognized; but it will require another half-century to introduce the conception that *the ear is at least as important as the eye and the hand*, and must be the *chief agent* in achieving the introduction of mankind to life upon a higher plane than has ever yet been attainable. Reason alone, or even demonstration alone, is feeble and slow in changing established habits.

Neither by the eye of intellectual, nor by the hand of industrial education, can we generate the sentiments of heroism, fortitude, justice, sublimity, religion, faith, hope, enthusiasm, love, generosity, benevolence, refinement, spirituality, grace, joy, gayety, versatility, sympathy, and friendship, which we may readily call into action by the vocal method, in which the trained voice inspires its utterer to the highest pitch, and diffuses the same inspiration among all who hear it.

The church has conquered the world far more by its songs and music than by all other agencies. It is these which make the life of a religious revival; for it is these that inspire the highest sentiments, and without that inspiration, religion becomes a cold, formal, perfunctory ceremony and expression of no practical value. How much of our social joys and virtues is due to sentimental songs like "Auld Lang Syne" and "Bonnie Doon," and the inspiring music of the dance! How much of the soldier's patriotic courage is due to the inspiration of martial music, which vibrates in accordance with the laws of intense heroic muscular action, and gives power to the soldier "as his springing steps advance"!

The voice of the orator is a commanding power only when his own soul is strong enough to give it the tones that move other men's souls. Eloquence will always sway the multitude, either of high or low degree, but eloquence lies in its tones rather than words. The sermons with which

Whitfield electrified and fascinated his hearers would be pronounced dull, uninteresting, and tiresome if delivered by a feeble, spiritless voice.

If we analyze an eloquent passage, we will find that the eloquence lies entirely in the words which present expressive and influential tones. The consonants contribute little to the effect, for they are intellectual and forcible expressions, while every vowel is a channel of the emotional nature, through which our impulses are roused.

The eloquent speaker puts all the power of his soul into his vowel tones, and calls forth the same power in his hearer; but the vital action is greater in the speaker than the listener. Hence an efficient educational method must not only use the voice of the teacher as the power to blend intellectual conceptions with vital forces, cultivating character as much as intellect, but must use the voice of the pupil, because that will more thoroughly vitalize him and cultivate every element of his character than anything to which he may listen; and the voices of many pupils combined become a great power for emotional culture. All the depth of religious feeling, all the energy of patriotic courage, all the tearful tenderness of sympathy, all the vivacity of sportive joy and humor, are thus under control, and whatever sentiment we wish to cultivate may thus be cultivated every hour in the day, until in the end it becomes a controlling element of character, and the entire whole has been moulded into our ideal of moral development; while our pupils have grown happy, sympathetic, and courteous, and all necessity for magisterial authority and censure or punishment has ceased, since the cultured amiability has extinguished every disorderly impulse.* That result was attained at Hofburgh, without even using the full vocal method.

This is not mere theory. It is the sinew of the soul and brain, verified by the experience of the school — its developed harmony, obedience, kindness, and refinement in the schools to

* Whatever is kept habitually before the youthful mind is sure to appear in the character and conduct. The harmony and enthusiasm of song will become an habitual mood. The scolding voice and merciless rod of old-time teachers of our own race, and the terrific floggings of ancient Roman pedagogues were wrought into the natural character. The lawless adventures depicted in dime novels have often stimulated boys to start out with knife and pistol for robbery. The horrid wars of history have filled youthful minds with military ambition. The most revolting example of this pernicious teaching, which has passed unrebuked, was a *duel with bowie knives*, exhibited with great applause by two actors in Kansas City. At Milwaukee, after a Jesse James' dramatic combination had performed, boys of good family were engaged in incendiary plots, and scores of boys were holding meetings and gathering pistols, knives, guns, disguises, and flashy literature to prepare for highway robbery.

which I have referred. It was by active occupation, music, and Christian love that Mr. Wiebern produced such wonderful results with the degraded children of Hamburg.

Horace Mann said of this school:—

Music is used as one of the most efficient instruments for softening stubborn wills and calling forth tender feelings, and its deprivation is one of the punishments for delinquency. The songs and hymns have been specially adapted to the circumstances and wants of the community, and it has often happened that the singing of an appropriate hymn . . . has awakened the first-born sacred feeling in obdurate and brutified hearts. Sometimes a voice would drop from the choir, and then weeping and sobbing would be heard instead. The children would say they could not sing; they must think of their past lives; of their brothers and sisters, or of their parents living in vice and misery at home. On several occasions the singing exercises had to be given up. Frequently the children were sent to the garden to recover themselves.

Music is the inspiration of the church, of the battle-field, of the lover, and of the solitary student. When Luther was fatigued by prolonged studies, he would take his flute or guitar, and play a lively piece in his garden, and find his mind refreshed. "Music," said Luther, "is the art of the prophets; it is the only thing which, like theology, can calm the troubled soul and put the devil to flight." This happy influence of music makes it a most important though greatly neglected therapeutic agent; for that which powerfully affects the soul necessarily affects the body in a similar manner. His biographer says that David, the famous musical composer, when on earth, cured a man of fever, with the pianoforte, and when the fever was disposed to return, he readily drove it away in the same manner. In a hospital in Havana, a soldier named Martin was under treatment for catalepsy, but absolutely in vain, for fifteen months; but on the 8th of August, the doctors ordered a bagpipe played near his bed, and he recovered almost immediately. The medical profession has neglected this powerful agent; but in London a new musical society, the Guild of St. Cecilia, has been organized to apply music to the restoration of invalids and soothing their sufferings. A large number of distinguished people attended its opening, and manifested great interest. I venture to predict great results if the movement is pushed, and the record and reproduction of the music by the graphophone open great possibilities.

What a contrast is there between the ethical schools just

mentioned, in which music holds a conspicuous place, and the schools of barbarism, which have debased the moral nature of the people of this century! Carlyle had a melancholy experience with them, and perhaps much of his pessimistic harshness was due to his cold-blooded teaching. My exact contemporary, the author, Anthony Trollope, reveals in his "Autobiography" the character of English schools in his youth. "In all (says the *Journal of Education*) he spent twelve years at school, nine of them at two of the most famous aristocratic public schools in the kingdom. The record of his sufferings as a little boy, from the brutality of the older scholars, the boorishness of the masters, the crushing sense of poverty, and the contemptuous neglect of his high-born schoolmates later on; the unadulterated barbarism of the whole style of life as it went on around him, forms a picture even more significant than Dotheboys Hall of Dickens, because it represents the state of affairs, in the schools expressly established for the sons of gentlemen, taught by famous masters. One of Anthony's teachers became dean of Peterborough, and another Archbishop of Canterbury. At nineteen he left Hanover, and recalls the fact that for the whole "twelve years, no attempt had been made to teach me anything but Latin and Greek, and very little attempt to teach me those languages." He always knew his masters by their ferules, "and felt convinced he had been flogged oftener than any human being alive," often scourged five times a day. "From the first to the last, there was nothing satisfactory in my school career except the way in which I licked a boy, who had to be taken home to be cured." All this did not destroy his genius, but made him a wretched and vicious young man until elevated by a happy marriage and literary success. But think how the nations of this century have been brutalized by education and made incapable of living in peace with each other. All these brutalities are going out of fashion slowly, but they leave a negative and barren condition in their place.

These illustrations may not all be necessary to our intuitive mind; but the accumulation of demonstrations and their repetition from year to year, or even from century to century, is necessary when we demand a revolutionary change. It is true, as James Russell Lowell said, "that a reformer must make himself a bore for forty years before attaining practical

success." The idea of educating character and making noble specimens of manhood and womanhood has not yet received much hospitality. The Harvard idea of a university, as merely a place where everything may be learned, still dominates through civilization, and keeps that civilization upon a low plane. The last ideal statement of what the *higher education* should be, by President Timothy Dwight, in the *Forum* of May, makes it simply an improvement in *thinking*; but the essay gives no evidence that President Dwight understands the methods which would really produce broader, deeper, or higher thinking. He refers to nothing whatever but the very primitive, common course of intellectual education and the prior influence of home life, among well-educated people. His fourteen-page essay, presenting no new ideas, simply elaborates the value of an extensive collegiate education for both sexes, in which, of course, all college faculties agree with him — "simply that and nothing more."

Its value is not the value of true education, that develops men, but simply the value of that industrious schooling in old methods which has widely failed to produce broad, deep, and high thinking. Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, speaking of a little girl brought to him as a patient, who had in her satchel books for ten different studies, said: "Grammar is the most ingenious device ever known for driving poor little brains into premature decrepitude." Older brains can endure more, but the stupidities of Aristotle's system of logic are quite successful in teaching young collegians how not to reason. We have never had a text-book of any value to illustrate reasoning. That is one of the things in which no college excels, though individual professors may display reasoning ability.

College-bred men do not excel, as a rule, in original thought and action or in lofty ideals. Conservatism is the pervading spirit of colleges, and is imparted to their pupils. I feel quite sure that the idea of a true education, the development of character, would not receive any better appreciation in colleges than among the millions who have never attended college. Books have been the world's nightmare, because they have perpetuated the ignorance and errors of the past. There are several hundred thousand volumes of mouldering ignorances that might furnish a most beneficent bonfire. But let them moulder. They will be buried very

deep under the mighty flood of modern literature. China is a good object lesson in purely text-book education carried to its maximum power; and Chinese music illustrates the value of their musical studies in sixty-nine text-books on music, and a musical cyclopedia five hundred and seventy-three years old.

High and broad thinking does not depend so much on college drill or books as on high and broad character — character that is not developed by college systems, but is developed by many of the situations and struggles of active life. The character training and emotional culture of the vocal system will produce high and broad thinking, because it broadens high and broad sentiments. Not only does it produce high and broad thought, it produces activity, brilliancy, and copiousness of thought. It was the intensity of feeling in Shakespeare and Byron that produced their mental brilliancy. How tame and spiritless is the conversation of many an over-taught youth, in comparison with that of a girl of the same age, whose faculties have been brightened by the emotional culture of society! I do hope that women will not be subjected to the old scholastic routine, to harden and degenerate their lovely natures, but that the colleges made fashionable by men will be elevated in their tone and their curriculum when women come in, so that they may come forth with their lovely attractiveness undiminished by the juggernaut crush of a system under which the brain of a nation is shrivelling for lack of proper development.

To return to our theme, song should be the leading feature of a school of character. *Not less* than four times a day should the influence of melody be invoked, to maintain a happy mood and a vivacious mind. Declamation should be a prominent exercise at least twice a day, and the pupil should be required to stand up and express himself in his own language, in his exercises. Pope and Racine prepared themselves for writing, by declamation. It is an admirable preparation for any intellectual or social effort. In many cases these exercises should be much more frequent, and the voice of the teacher should be the principal means of imparting knowledge.

Instrumental music may be occasionally used as an aid or accompaniment, but the great majority of professional music and professional singing is entirely foreign to a proper

educational influence, for it systematically ignores the soul and cultivates mere skilful mechanism, omitting, as far as possible, all that gives music its delightful ethical character and power to cultivate the sentiments. A great portion, even of the singing of our churches, is of a hard, mechanical, and soulless character, which deadens every noble sentiment and harmonizes best with the feelings of the Pharisee and the hypocrite. Such singing never animates a revival of religion. It is a soulless method propagated by parrot-like imitation* and unrebuked by a proper public taste, for the public taste has been degenerated by a false teaching in music—a system about as soulless and loveless as the common course of intellectual education.

The reader will please bear in mind that this brief statement of industrial and vocal methods of the *new education* is not a full exposition. There are many additional methods and additional details necessary in ethical education, which should appear in a systematic treatise, which I hope to offer twelve months hence; but the industrial and vocal methods are the *supreme necessity* of progress—aye, the supreme necessity for the world's salvation from its long, unending period of calamity. I do not underrate the various methods now urged by philanthropists, but they are all fragmentary, not even competent to *hold in check* the flood of evil that is overpowering civilized society; and Bishop Taylor has found in Africa that to conquer its barbarism the industrial method is indispensable.

But let us look away from present brutalities and social hells—from the howls of children confined and flogged for twenty centuries (It is only one hundred and thirty-seven

* A very sensible critic has illustrated these views in reference to a singing school as follows: "Some one at the piano struck the notes in regular succession in a cold, mechanical manner, and the group of little girls, in unison, jerked out the sounds in imitation of the harsh, metallic voice of the tinkling old piano. It was not children's voices which were heard, but the voice of the piano, parroted by the children. There was no musical feeling in the performance, which was repellent to good taste. Before these children can use their voices musically, and therefore naturally, they will have to unlearn all this sort of thing and begin afresh. This evil method is too frequently followed. Every human voice with any music in it—and what voice has not its appropriate position in the scale—has peculiar qualities, which, when truly developed, constitute the beauty of the voice. It is the soul speaking in musical language; and when the soul has been taught to utter its *own* speech, you have a touching and artistic performance, however faulty or simple it may be in some other respects; while much better natural voices, if twisted into imitation of something foreign to them, produce a conventional and superficial style, which has neither heart nor soul in it, however much artificial 'culture' it may exhibit." This suggestion of the effect of imitation on music is very important. We have splendid examples in birds taught by imitation. Mr. William Kidd describes a robin which astonished him by its splendid singing. He supposed it to be a remarkably superior nightingale, but found that it was a robin which had been brought up from infancy under a nightingale, and had learned to surpass its master in song.

years since flogging ceased at Harvard College, and we still hear occasionally of teachers prosecuted for cruel punishment of children), and from the feeble, sickly youth who have had no proper cultivation of either body or soul — to the era of the *new education*, when, in the school, animating and joyous song shall be heard every hour; eloquence shall flow free, natural, and unrestrained from the lips of boys and girls; sharp wits shall compete in grasping new thoughts and solving new problems; good humor in each shall contribute to the happiness of all, and give happiness to the much loved teacher, beloved as a parent, and a daily source of pleasure as they listen to his or her instructive voice; and when he or she has spoken as long as is agreeable to speaker and auditor, their roused ambition will express itself in ingenious constructions with tools, in skilful horticulture in the garden, in vigorous gymnastics, racing and leaping, in excursions to study natural history, and last, not least, in the stirring grace and animation of the dance, inspired by music and song and refined by all the graceful courtesies which flow with ease from animated and loving natures. They will run to their homes with a fresh joy and sweetness that will delight their parents and help to make life a pleasure and a success. To all thus blessed in education, the morning of life will open brightly, its noon will be still brighter, and its sunset will be crowned with a gleam of glory from Heaven. No matter how old they may be, "whom the gods love die young."

In these remarks I have said nothing of the vast power of the *new education* as a political factor, in changing our national destiny, averting civil war, reconciling capital and labor, and solving all the great social problems with which the public mind is struggling, utterly unconscious of their easiest solution and the shortest road to universal prosperity, which runs through the *new education*.

IN THE TRIBUNAL OF LITERARY CRITICISM.

BACON VS. SHAKESPEARE.

PART II. A BRIEF FOR THE DEFENDANT.

BY DR. W. J. ROLFE.

IN my former article (p. 184, foot-note) I remarked that at the time of writing it I had seen only the first part (July) of Mr. Reed's "brief for the plaintiff"; and the editor of THE ARENA suggests that I now discuss any points in the later instalments of the "brief" which seem to require further comment. On a careful re-perusal of Mr. Reed's arguments, I see little or nothing that has not been ably and conclusively answered by Dr. Nicholson. I shall therefore confine myself to random notes on certain minor details in the "brief" which due attention to weightier matters compelled Dr. Nicholson to ignore. I may also be able here and there to add something in amplification and corroboration of his arguments.

1. In reply to Mr. Reed's argument (p. 280) that Stratford and the Avon are not mentioned in the plays, Dr. N. refers to sundry "clear indications of intimate knowledge of localities and names in the neighborhood of Stratford and the Avon," which are not, like St. Alban's, York Place, etc., introduced as matters of course; for instance, Arden, Barton-heath, and Wincot, and family names like Sly and Hacket. To these latter names might be added Bardolph, Fluellen, Peto, Curtis, Travers, Gower, Gregory, and others, all found in Stratford and its vicinity, and some of them peculiar to Warwickshire. Ford and Page are Stratford as well as Windsor names. Roland de Boys was the name of a family, now extinct, in Weston-in-Arden. Cotsall, or Cotsale, in the "Merry Wives" and "2 Henry IV.," is a corruption of Cotswold, the open downs in Gloucestershire near by. In the "Midsummer Night's Dream" (ii. 1. 150) Oberon's allusion to the "mermaid on a dolphin's back," etc., appears to

be a reminiscence of certain features of the Kenilworth pageant in 1575, which the young Shakespeare may have seen. We find also in the plays not a few allusions to characters in the Coventry Mysteries, of which he must often have heard, if he did not sometimes see them. On the other hand, there is no evidence that Bacon was ever in Warwickshire, or that he had any particular acquaintance with that part of the country.

2. Mr. Reed says (p. 280) that the editors of the folio refer to the "beauty and neatness" of the MSS. sent to the printer. As Dr. N. remarks, the handwriting could not have been Bacon's, for it would have betrayed his secret. Besides, as I have before explained (p. 178), some of these MSS. had been used in the theatre by the actors in learning their parts, and these could not have been from Bacon's own hand. Moreover, the only excuse we can imagine for many of the faults and defects in the folio is that these theatrical MSS. were so worn, torn, and dog's-eared that they were in places almost or quite illegible. Certain misprints and corruptions indicate that they were badly written; but the fact that "deformities of this kind are apt to be accumulated at one place, that there are, as it were, nests or eruptions of them," shows, as Mr. Craik says in his "English of Shakespeare," that "the MSS. had there got torn or soiled, or that the printer had been obliged to supply what was wanting in the best way he could, by his own invention or conjectural ingenuity."

But the editors of the folio do *not* "remark upon the beauty and neatness of the copy." Mr. Reed evidently bases this statement upon the following sentence in the preface: "His mind and hand went together: And what he thought, he uttered with that easinesse, that wee have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." The context shows, as the sentence itself should to any intelligent reader, that the reference is not to chirography, but to composition. The former might be as bad as Rufus Choate's or Horace Greeley's, though the latter were so easy that the MS. had no blot due to alteration and revision. It is not likely, however, that these actors' copies were the author's first draft of his work.

If the MSS. had been Bacon's own, or such as he would have allowed to go to the printer, or if he had seen a proof

of the matter after it was in type, the typographical faults and defects of the folio would be equally inexplicable and inexcusable. As Mr. Craik says, these "can *only* be explained on the supposition that the compositor had been left to depend upon a MS. which was imperfect, or which could not be read"; and the errors are so frequent* and so gross that "it is impossible they could have been passed over, at any rate in such numbers, if the proof-sheets had undergone any systematic revision by a qualified person, however rapid."

The assertion of the folio editors that the plays previously printed by piratical publishers "are now offer'd to your view cur'd, and perfect of their limbes; and all the rest, absolute in their numbers, as he [the author] conceived them," was utterly false. "Absolute in their numbers!" Why, to quote Craik once more, "the most elementary proprieties of the metrical arrangement are violated in innumerable passages: in some places the verse is printed as plain prose; elsewhere prose is ignorantly and ludicrously exhibited in the guise of verse."

Mr. Reed (p. 285), in commenting upon the assertion of the folio editors just quoted, says: "Some of the finest passages given in the quartos are omitted in the folio, one particularly in 'Hamlet,' in which the genius of the author, as Swinburne asserts, 'soars up to the very highest of its height and strikes down to the very deepest of its depth.' In 'King Lear,' also, but for the 'stolen copies,' the description of Cordelia's sorrow, together with the whole scene [iv. 3] containing it, would have been lost forever." How are these facts to be explained if Bacon was the editor of the volume, and had carefully revised the plays after having "retired to private life, in the plenitude of his powers" (p. 284) and with ample leisure for the task? What does Mr. Reed mean, on the next page (285), in referring to this work as done "under extraordinary mental distractions?" Will these "distractions" account for the manifold and amazing imperfections of the folio? If so, why do we find no trace of their influence in the other works brought out by Bacon in 1622 and 1623?

* In the *North British Review* for February, 1854, Mr. Craik shows that the number of readings in the folio which "must be admitted to be clearly wrong, or in the highest degree suspicious, probably amounts to not less than twenty on a page, or about twenty thousand in the whole volume."

Mr. Reed says (p. 285) that, in the dedication of the folio, the editors, "with singular, not to say suspicious, infelicity," describe the plays as "trifles." This affected modesty in dedications was simply a fashion of the time, as no one familiar with contemporaneous literature needs to be told.

3. Mr. Reed would have us believe (p. 286) that "Henry VIII." was written after the "great crisis" of Bacon's life in 1621. Referring to the play performed at the Globe Theatre on the night of the fire in 1613, he says that "we have no good reason to believe that it was the magnificent Shakespearean drama of 'Henry VIII.,' at least in the form in which it was printed in the folio ten years later." On the contrary, there is very good reason to believe that the play of 1613, described by Sir Henry Wotton as "All is True," but by Thomas Lorkin, in a letter written the day after the fire, as "the play of Hen=8," was Shakespeare's "Henry VIII."* Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's "Annales," also calls it "the play of Henry the Eighth." There is no evidence whatever, external or internal, that the play was revised between 1613 and 1623.

4. In a foot-note on p. 284, Mr. Reed says that "'Othello' was first printed (in quarto form) in 1622, six years after Shakespeare's death; and yet it received numerous and important emendations for the folio one year later." In 1622, if Bacon edited the folio, he must have been engaged in the revision of the plays for that edition, if he had not already completed the task. Dr. Horace Howard Furness, in his monumental edition of "Othello" (p. 340), says:—

"Although the folio was issued in 1623, the printing must have been in hand long before that. Indeed, there are not wanting copies which are supposed to bear the genuine date, 1622, the very year in which Walkley issued his quarto [of 'Othello'], so that the two books must have been in the hands of the printers at the same time."

Why, at such a time, should Bacon allow the play to be brought out in what Mr. Reed supposes to be its early and imperfect form? This was duly copyrighted by Walkley, and remained his property after the publication of the folio, for in 1627-28 he assigned his rights in it to Richard Hawkins, who brought out another quarto edition in 1630. How Walk-

* See my edition of "Henry VIII.," pp. 9, 10, or any other recent critical edition. I cannot take space to give the reasons here.

ley and the publishers of the folio arranged the question of copyright, it is impossible to say.

5. Mr. Reed fancies that he disposes of the argument against the Baconian theory drawn from the *anachronisms* in the plays by saying (p. 438) that "historical perspective is not necessary to the drama," and that Bacon is guilty of many similar errors in his acknowledged works.

No one doubts that certain anachronisms in the plays are illustrations of the author's dramatic art rather than of his ignorance. Charles Knight, commenting on the introduction of cannon in "King John," aptly remarks that Shakespeare "uses terms that were familiar to his audience, to present a particular image to their senses. Had he instead of cannon spoken of the mangonelle and the petraria, the stone-throwing machines of the time of John, he would have addressed himself to the very few who might have appreciated his exactness; but his words would have fallen dead upon the ears of the many." No critical scholar should find any difficulty in distinguishing between these intentional artistic anachronisms and those which do not admit of such explanation, but are due to ignorance or carelessness. In the latter class, for instance, we must put the introduction of striking clocks in "Julius Caesar." * It occurs in a casual reference to the time of day, and answers no dramatic purpose whatever. If, for instance, when Cæsar had asked "What is't o'clock?" Brutus had answered, "Cæsar, 'tis now past eight," it would have been as well as "Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight." The figure in "Coriolanus" (iii. 3, 51), where the wounds of the hero are said to "show like graves i' the holy churchyard," is no better than a score of others the poet might have used without the absurd anachronism; and the allusion in the same play (ii. 1, 128) to "the most sovereign prescription in Galen" (who was not born until more than six centuries after the time of Coriolanus) would be none the worse if the words "in Galen" were omitted. It is simply inconceivable that the scholarly Bacon could have admitted these incongruities into any scene laid in the old Roman days, or that he could have mixed up Delphic oracles, mediæval painters, and Russian emperors in a play like the "Winter's Tale."

Mr. Reed says that Mark Anthony's reference to burying

* Bacon, who had written a treatise on horology, could not have made a mistake like this.

Cæsar indicates the art of the dramatist. Not so. This is pure carelessness, for in the very same scene the plebeians cry out "We'll burn his body in the holy place"; that is, in the Forum, where cremation was forbidden. This is one of a class of blunders which I explained in my former article.

Mr. Reed (page 438) endeavors, as many a Baconian before him had done, to make a point of the fact that both Shakespeare and Bacon err in ascribing to Aristotle the saying that "Young men are unfit to hear moral philosophy," when it was political philosophy that he mentioned; but both writers copied the slip from the "Mirror for Magistrates." Bacon might have done this, but he could never have put the allusion into the mouth of Hector, as Shakespeare did ("Troilus and Cressida," ii. 2, 166).

The eight or ten illustrations that Mr. Reed gives (pages 440, 441) of Bacon's little slips in historical matters are all like the one just quoted, and such as every man who trusts his memory in cases of the kind is liable to make. He remembers the story, which is all that he cares for, but forgets whom it is about, which does not affect the point of the story. It does not matter whether a certain bright thing was said by Orontes or by Chilon, by a Greek or by a Scythian philosopher, *what* was said is the gist of the anecdote, not *who* said it. It is absurd for Mr. Reed to say (page 441) that these "are gross blunders, far more astonishing than any found in the works of Shakespeare." He is guilty of venial slips like these, as Bacon is, but also of really "gross blunders" concerning important facts in history, as Bacon is not and never could be.

It is a significant fact that Ben Jonson criticises Shakespeare's anachronisms, — the mention of pistols in "Henry IV.," for instance, — as he does his geographical blunders, like the Bohemian sea-coast in the "Winter's Tale." Every criticism that Ben is recorded to have made on Shakespeare's work turns upon his lack of learning and culture. If he had known the plays to be Bacon's and had felt obliged to find fault with them, it must have been on other grounds, for he knew how profound a scholar Bacon was.

The contrast between the learning of Shakespeare and that of Bacon is well put by Mrs. C. C. Stopes * thus : —

* In "The Bacon-Shakespeare Question Answered" (3d ed., London, 1889), the best book that has yet appeared on the Shakespearean side.

"The learning of Shakespeare is just such as might have been commenced, amid varied interruptions, at a good grammar school, and finished by later reading and conversation. Though like Keats, he was keenly sympathetic with ancient story and literature, his classics were eclectic and uncertain; his linguistic education fragmentary; his science undeveloped; his reading limited, and unguided by more than opportunity and inclination.

"The learning of Bacon ranged over all that was known and had been known to man, in history, philosophy, and science, and he supplemented this by continual experiments, observations, and correspondence. He knew several languages, read largely in all, and wrote much in Latin.

"Just as one can say it is impossible that Shakespeare could have written Bacon without a learning he did not possess, so we can say it was impossible for Bacon to have written Shakespeare, without putting into the poems some of the learning he did possess."

6. The Sonnets, as I said in my former paper (p. 182), are a stumbling-block to the Baconians. I neglected to ask how they can get over the fact that the author's name is evidently *Will*, as we see by the repeated puns upon it in Sonnets 135, 136, and 143. Will they say it was one of the "artful dodges" of their poet-philosopher?

Apropos of the Sonnets, Mr. Reed rivals Judge Hosmer (see *ARENA* for January, p. 183, foot-note) in his preposterous misinterpretation of a part of No. 76:—

"Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a notèd weed,
That every word doth almost tell my name,
Showing their birth and whence they did proceed?"

"Here," says Mr. Reed (p. 559), "is a plain statement that the author of this Sonnet was writing under a disguise." It is nothing of the sort, and would be very foolish if it were. If a man is writing under a disguise, he is not likely to announce the fact in a "plain statement," unless he wishes that readers shall see through the disguise. The meaning of the passage is by no means obscure. This is the 76th sonnet the poet has addressed to his friend, and he asks: "Why do I keep on writing in the same style, clothing the creations of my fancy ('invention') in a familiar dress (that of the sonnet), so that every word almost betrays the author?" It is not implied that he is concealing his identity, but merely that any other person than the one to whom he was writing might almost guess who he was from his style—just as the authorship of an unsigned composi-

tion, picked up in the street, might be guessed if the finder were familiar with the handwriting. *Invention*, in the sense of imagination, poetic faculty, etc., occurs several times in the Sonnets, as in No. 103:—

“O blame me not, if I no more can write!
Look in your glass, and there appears a face
That overgoes my blunt invention quite,” etc.

Again, in No. 105, the poet uses the word in a passage referring, as in No. 76, to the monotony of his verses. The songs are all alike, he says, because their theme is one and the same:—

“Let not my love be called idolatry
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confined,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true,' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true,' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.”

Mr. Reed says (p. 560) that “*weed* signifies garment; particularly (as Bacon elsewhere uses it) one that disguises the wearer.” This may be Bacon’s use of the word, but it certainly is not Shakespeare’s. With him *weed* means simply garment. Of course, the dress may happen to be a disguise, though I cannot at the moment find an instance in which it is. I do, however, find several instances in which it happens to be distinctly opposed to a disguise. In “Twelfth Night” (v. 1. 262), Viola, then in boy’s dress, says:—

“I’ll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lie my maiden weeds.”

A few lines below (280) the Duke says to her:—

“Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman’s weeds.”

Again, in “Cymbeline” (v. 1. 23), Posthumus says:—

“I’ll disrobe me
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself
As does a Briton peasant.”

Similarly in the “Midsummer Night’s Dream” (ii. 2. 71),

after Oberon has told Puck that he may recognize Demetrius by his Athenian garments, Puck comes across Lysander and says:—

“Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear.
This is he,” etc.

On the whole, Mr. Reed's gloss on Sonnet 76 is quite as absurd, though perhaps not so comical, as that of Judge Hosmer, who takes the “weed” to be *tobacco*, which almost spells *Bacon*.

7. Mr. Reed is also unfortunate (p. 435) in his comment upon Milton's reference to Shakespeare in “L'Allegro:”—

“Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.”

He quotes Grant White, who calls it “a petty puling dribble of belittling, patronizing praise.” But Grant White and the other critics who have found fault with this characterization of Shakespeare as inadequate, appear to have forgotten that it is his *comedies*, and especially the rural comedies—“As You Like It,” for example—that are referred to, and from the point of view of “L'Allegro,” the cheerful man, who goes to the theatre as on his morning walk, for innocent recreation, not as a dramatic critic. We almost certainly have an allusion to the *tragedies* in “Il Penseroso:”—

“Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what—though rare—of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.”

Mr. Reed says: “Milton was a Puritan, and probably never soiled his fingers with a copy of these wicked works.” On the contrary, his familiarity with Shakespeare is proved by many passages in his poems, which are distinct echoes of the dramatist. I should like to quote some of them, but must not take the space to do it. That Milton knew and admired Shakespeare's works is, moreover, clear from his noble “Epitaph,” written some years earlier than “L'Allegro” and “Il Penseroso.”

8. Mr. Reed quotes Grant White several times on minor questions concerning Shakespeare, but he does *not* quote the

fine passage in his article on "The Bacon-Shakespeare Craze" (*Atlantic Monthly*, April, 1883), in which that excellent though sometimes crotchety critic compares and contrasts the dramatist and the philosopher in a manner that, to my thinking, settles the question now under discussion absolutely and finally. I cannot better conclude these random notes, than by citing this powerful and eloquent plea for the defendant:—

"And now we are face to face with what is, after all, the great inherent absurdity (as distinguished from evidence and external conditions) of this fantastical notion,—the unlikeness of Bacon's mind and of his style to those of the writer of the plays. Among all the men of that brilliant period who stand forth in the blaze of its light with sufficient distinction for us, at this time, to know anything of them, no two were so elementally unlike in their mental and moral traits, and in their literary habits, as Francis Bacon and William Shakespeare; and each of them stamped his individuality unmistakably upon his work. Both were thinkers of the highest order; both what we somewhat loosely call philosophers: but how different their philosophy, how divergent their ways of thought, and how notably unlike their modes of expression! Bacon, a cautious observer and investigator, ever looking at men and things through the dry light of cool reason; Shakespeare, glowing with instant inspiration, seeing by intuition the thing before him, outside and inside, body and spirit, as it was, yet moulding it as it was to his immediate need,—finding in it merely an occasion of present thought, and regardless of it, except as a stimulus to his fancy and his imagination: Bacon, a logician; Shakespeare, one who set logic at naught, and soared upon wings, compared with which syllogisms are crutches: Bacon, who sought in the phrase of Saul of Tarsus,—that Shakespeare of Christianity,—to prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good; Shakespeare, one who, like Saul, loosed upon the world winged phrases, but who recked not his own rede, proved nothing, and held fast both to good and evil, delighting in his Falstaff as much as he delighted in his Imogen: Bacon, in his writing, the most self-asserting of men; Shakespeare, one who, when he wrote, did not seem to have a self: Bacon, the most cautious and painstaking, the most consistent and exact of writers; Shakespeare, the most heedless, the most inconsistent, the most inexact, of all writers who have risen to fame: Bacon, sweet sometimes, sound always, but dry, stiff, and formal; Shakespeare, unsavory sometimes, but oftenest breathing perfume from Paradise, grand, large, free, flowing, flexible, unconscious, and incapable of formality: Bacon, precise and reserved in expression; Shakespeare, a player and quibbler with words, and swept away by his own verbal conceits into intellectual paradox, and almost into moral obliquity: Bacon, without humor; Shakespeare's smiling lips the mouthpiece of humor for all human kind: Bacon, looking at the world before him and at the teaching of past ages with a single eye to his theories and his indi-

vidual purposes; Shakespeare, finding in the wisdom and the folly, the woes and the pleasures, of the past and the present only the means of giving pleasure to others and getting money for himself, and rising to his height as a poet and a moral teacher only by his sensitive intellectual sympathy with all the needs, and joys, and sorrows of humanity: Bacon, shrinking from a generalization even in morals; Shakespeare, ever moralizing, and dealing even with individual men and particular things in their general relations: both worldly-wise, both men of the world,—for both these master intellects of the Christian era were worldly-minded men in the thorough Bunyan sense of the term: but the one using his knowledge of men and things critically in philosophy and in affairs; the other, his synthetically, as a creative artist: Bacon, a highly trained mind, and showing his training at every step of his cautious, steady march; Shakespeare, wholly untrained, and showing his want of training even in the highest reach of his soaring flight: Bacon, utterly without the poetic faculty even in a secondary degree, as is most apparent when he desires to show the contrary; Shakespeare, rising with unconscious effort to the highest heaven of poetry ever reached by the human mind. To suppose that one of these men did his own work, and also the work of the other, is to assume two miracles for the sake of proving one absurdity.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.

BY W. D. McCRACKAN, M. A.

A GREAT deal remains to be done in this country before political equality can become anything more than a mere figure of speech. When, for instance, we contrast the true meaning of such terms as universal suffrage and self-government with the manner in which they are applied in practical politics, our present position at once appears singularly inconsistent. Theoretically the sum total of the people exercise the sovereign power, but actually a fraction rule the rest, — so great are the limitations to the right of suffrage, and so unequal is the representation of the electoral body in the legislatures. Thirty years ago John Stuart Mill, that great pioneer of advanced thought, whom the conservatives of to-day try to stigmatize as old-fashioned, put the whole difficulty into a nutshell. He wrote in his "Considerations on Representative Government": "The pure idea of democracy, according to its definition, is the government of the whole people by the whole people, equally represented. Democracy, as commonly conceived and hitherto practised, is the government of the whole people by a mere majority of the people, exclusively represented."

The writer of this article does not propose to attack the principle of majority rule in legislative bodies, since, however unsatisfactory this political dictum may be from a philosophical standpoint, it has so far been considered inseparable from any orderly form of democracy. But it is a fact, which needs to be continually impressed upon the public mind, that the people at large are not equally represented in the legislatures, that, even in the most advanced countries, public opinion is not properly reflected in the deliberative and law-making bodies. It may still be necessary, in that stage of political development which the world has reached, that one half plus one of the members of a legislature should have power to pass bills over the objections of one half minus one of their colleagues, but it is eminently

unjust that the party, or parties in opposition, should not have their fair share of representatives to discuss those proposed bills.

In reality no provision has been made for minorities in our electoral system. Candidates selected to office are the final outcome of successive majorities from the primaries up. At every election, Federal, State, and local, the vanquished minorities, however strong they may be in numbers, are left unrepresented, and thus an astounding proportion of voters are virtually disfranchised. Mr. Thomas Hare,* an English barrister, who, in 1859, issued a work on "Personal Representation," calculated that no less than two fifths of the voters were wholly unrepresented in parliament, while in this country Mr. Salem Dutcher, to whom we owe an excellent work on "Proportional Representation," curiously enough found the same proportion of two fifths to be true also for the fortieth, forty-first, and forty-second Congresses of the United States. In Switzerland the statistics for the years 1881, 1884, and 1887 of the elections to the national council, which corresponds to our House of Representatives, reveal the same unjust state of affairs. As matters now stand in these countries the powers of government are entrusted to a majority of the majority who may be a minority of the whole electorate. If, for instance, three fifths of the electors only are represented in a certain legislature, and one half plus one of the representatives, or say two thirds in order to leave a little margin, regulate the character of legislation, then the majority in that legislature, which frames the laws, represents a minority of the electors: for $\frac{3}{5} \times \frac{2}{3} = \frac{2}{5}$, or $\frac{2}{5}$, which is less than one half. Mr. Garfield, while still a Congressman, described this unjust feature of our political machinery with characteristic clearness in a speech delivered before the House of Representatives on the 23d of June, 1870. "In my judgment," he said, "it is the weak point in the theory of representative government, as now organized and administered, that a large portion of the voting people are permanently disfranchised. . . . Take my own district as an example; I have never been elected by less than nine thousand majority. Sometimes the majority has exceeded twelve thousand. There are about ten thou-

* Mr. Hare died recently at a ripe old age, having won for himself in England the nickname of "The Father of Proportional Representation."

sand Democratic voters in my district, and they have been voting there for the last forty years, without any more hope of having a representative on this floor than of having one in the Commons of Great Britain."

Every reader can supply illustrations of similar injustices either from his own electoral district, or from the wider field of national politics. Let me here cite a case from Switzerland, which though probably not so familiar to the general public, nevertheless admirably displays the shortcomings of all representative systems.

It will be remembered that in September, 1890, a sudden insurrection broke out in the Italian-speaking Canton of Ticino. There had been a good deal of bickering and quarrelling between the two principal parties, the Conservatives and Liberals, for some time past, but the main cause of dissension was the glaringly unjust representation of the two parties in the Grand Council, which is the single assembly of the canton. I have before me the official figures of the election of representatives to that house on the 3d of March, 1889. There were 112 deputies to elect, of these the Conservatives with 12,653 ballots returned seventy-seven, while the Liberals with 12,018 ballots, i. e., with only a few hundred less than their opponents, only returned thirty-five. Out of a total of 24,671 voters, it was calculated that 9,157 were unrepresented in the Grand Council. When this result was made known, the Liberals set on foot a movement to obtain a revision of the cantonal constitution, which they hoped would remedy this unfair representation. They secured the number of signatures required by the law of optional referendum, which obtains in Ticino, and laid them before the government on the 9th of August. It was the duty of the latter to call the people to the polls within one month to determine the question of revision, but when the legal term had expired, the usual summons had not been issued. As a result, on the morning of the 11th of September, armed bands of Liberals upon a preconcerted signal, seized the public buildings of the principal towns, overthrew the Conservative government, and set up a provisional one to take its place. Although the Swiss Federal authorities afterwards reinstated the Conservative government, and order seemed to prevail, it was evident that political contentment could not be established in Ticino until some sys-

tem of election had been applied, which should give the two parties a number of deputies proportioned to their voters.

It is a principle which will commend itself to every unprejudiced mind, that a deliberative body ought to be as exact as possible, a counterpart of the electing body whose interests it has in charge. Congress ought to mirror the country, reflecting all shades of opinion, and preserving proper proportions. Suppose an imaginary state is to elect ten representatives with one thousand votes, and contains, say, three political parties, the first with five hundred votes, the second with three hundred, and the third with two hundred, then the representatives of those parties in the legislature of that State ought to be to each other as five, three, and two, whereas, under present conditions, the parties are sure not to be represented in their true proportion. Moreover, the habit of dividing a country into electoral districts upon a basis of territorial apportionment, exposes the party which happens to be in power, to the temptation of manipulating the boundaries of these districts in such a manner as to forward its particular interests. This abuse is called by the scientific Germans, *Wahlkreisgeometrie* or the geometry of electoral districts, and is known in this country as, *gerrymandering*, a term the origin of which is thus explained by Mr. Dutcher in his work mentioned above: "In 1812, when Elbridge Gerry was governor of Massachusetts, the then ruling party, the Democratic, or, as it was at that time called, the Republican party, passed the famous act of Feb. 12, 1812, in order to perpetuate its power. This provided for a new division of the State into senatorial districts, so contrived that in as many districts as possible the Republicans should outnumber their political opponents, the Federalists. In pursuance of this purpose, all natural lines were disregarded, and one district* in particular was made up of such disjointed sections as to present upon the map a rude resemblance to some monster. The story runs that a mad wag of a Federalist† added with his pencil claws, head and tail, and said: 'There! that will do for a Salamander.' 'A Gerryman-der, rather!' said a bystander, and the jest passed from that into politics."

* Essex County.

† Gilbert Stewart, the famous painter.

The justice of the principle of proportional representation being once acknowledged, all that remains to be done is to invent some electoral contrivance which shall reproduce the voting strength of each party in the legislature in a manner at once accurate and easily comprehensible to the voter. It is a problem which has interested students and statesmen in a casual manner for the better part of a century, and they have elaborated, and in certain cases even applied various systems of proportional representation.

*either this
"rot" or
it is very
imperfectly
stated.*

1. Of these the simplest, and ideally most perfect, is that known as the electoral quotient. Every elector at the polls receives a list of candidates, and marks as many names as there are persons to be elected, in the order of his preference, thus, 1st, 2d, 3d, etc. Suppose the number of persons to be elected is ten, and the votes polled to be twenty thousand; in that case $20,000 \div 10$, or 2,000, is the electoral quotient, and in counting the ballots, the first ten candidates, who obtain two thousand votes, are declared elected.

n.g.

2. The cumulative vote differs from the foregoing in that the elector may distribute his votes as he chooses, or cumulate them all upon one candidate.

3. The limited vote gives the elector a less number of votes than there are candidates to elect, and the minority is allowed to be represented by the remaining candidates.

4. In the free list the elector does not vote for any candidate by name, but for a list: e. g., if a certain list receives say five, three, or two electoral quotients, then the first five, three, or two candidates named thereon are declared elected.

5. Personal representation is in substance to allow votes to be received in every locality for other than local candidates. Suppose a legislature to contain one member for every three thousand actual voters, then every candidate who receives three thousand votes would be returned in whatever part of the country his voters might happen to be. There are, of course, details in each of the foregoing systems, and provisions for special cases, which the writer cannot stop to enumerate for want of space.

According to Mr. Dutcher, the honor of having been the first to introduce the principle of proportional representation into practical working, belongs to Norway, where it was adopted as long ago as 1814. In 1855 it was brought to Denmark by M. Andrae, Minister of Finance, and since then

has penetrated to other countries, but without receiving a wide application anywhere, thanks to the persistent opposition of politicians who rightly discerned in it a weapon directed against themselves. In 1867, a bill incorporating Hare's scheme of personal representation was brought before the House of Commons, but rejected in spite of John Stuart Mill's eloquent support. On the other hand the limited vote was admitted into the so-called three-cornered parliamentary constituencies, where each elector has two votes, when there are three members to elect, and under an act of 1870, the English school boards are now elected by the cumulative vote. In Belgium, backward as that country is in the matter of extending the suffrage, this reform has many adherents, grouped into an *Association Réformiste Belge*, under whose auspices an international conference on the subject of proportional representation was held at Antwerp, in 1885. The doctrine has made progress under various forms in Spain, Italy, Brazil, and the Argentine Republic. France and Germany have not so far contributed very much in favor of the doctrine, and, on the whole, the agitation is at present nowhere as strong as in Switzerland, where the injustice of the representative system is graphically illustrated by the discrepancy between the results obtained by the legislators voting in the Federal houses, and the people voting by the referendum. The latter often reject by overwhelming majorities, bills which their own representatives have accepted by an equally strong majority.

In the summer of 1890 when the writer was able to watch the progress of this idea in Switzerland itself, none of the cantons had as yet definitely adopted any system, but several were actually considering bills incorporating the principle, and partisans of the reform had organized practical tests of various systems in different cantons with complete success. Since then, three cantons have actually introduced proportional representation into their constitutions — Ticino, Neuchâtel, and Geneva. The figures of the voting in the first two cantons are at hand, and show the most satisfactory results. The simple free list was used in both cases. In Ticino, where the Conservatives and Liberals are numerically almost equal, the former elected fifty and the latter forty-five representatives to the Grand Council, instead of seventy-seven and thirty-five, as before the new law. In

both cantons an unusually heavy vote was polled, and a higher order of men elected. Under the auspices of a *Société Suisse pour la Représentation Proportionnelle*, the movement is spreading to all parts of Switzerland, and a preference is evinced for some sort of a combination of the cumulative vote with the free list as most likely to prove at once more true to the principle and more easily worked.

Nor is the doctrine of proportional representation by any means a new thing in the United States. In 1844, a Mr. Thomas Gilpin, of Philadelphia, issued a pamphlet in which the system of the free list was advocated for the first time. A practical application was made in 1867, when an act of the Legislature of New York, which provided for a convention to revise the State Constitution, required thirty-two delegates to be chosen by the limited vote from the State at large, outside of the two great party organizations. For some reason or other the years 1870, 1871, and 1872 witnessed a sudden growth of interest in the subject in certain States of the Union, notably in Pennsylvania, under the incentive of United States Senator Buckalew and Mr. S. Dana Horton. In Illinois, the cumulative vote was actually adopted for the election of representatives to the legislature, and Ohio also admitted the principle into practical working. Since those years of activity, however, little has apparently been accomplished to forward the movement in a systematic manner, for beyond an occasional newspaper article or a local controversy, growing out of some unusually flagrant case of gerrymandering, there is little to indicate that this vital question is noticed by anyone.

Under the circumstances it is refreshing to find a complete draft of a bill, embodying the principle, outlined in a pamphlet issued not long since in this country under the title of "Constitution Making." The author, Mr. M. R. Levenson, calls it "A Letter to the Members of the Constitutional Conventions of North and South Dakota, Washington, and Montana," and in point of fact it contains more sound advice on political matters than many a large text-book. Had these newly created States possessed the courage to adopt this modern improvement instead of blindly copying the constitutions of the older States, faults and all, they would have saved themselves many a redistricting sham for the future, with its train of party jealousies and recriminations, of

gerrymandering and eventual failure of justice. Every re-districting bill must be a mere makeshift, for the time will come when the work will have to be done over again. How much better, then, to seek a permanent solution of the difficulty in some plan of proportional representation! Such a system would be at once stable, because pivoted upon a great principle, and elastic, because, from its very nature, it would expand with the growth of the State.

In that day, when minorities have their spokesmen in our legislative halls, great reforms will no longer be ignominiously swept aside as rubbish by the so-called practical politicians. Free traders, single tax men, nationalists, and other socialists, prohibitionists, and the very anarchists, if they can muster a sufficient following, will have a chance to demonstrate the value of their ideas. Some one has said that the present representative system may be likened to that of protection of trade in that it artificially protects majorities against the competition of minorities. In fact the dead level of mediocrity, which characterizes our legislatures, would be effectually broken. Their whole tone would be raised by the introduction of new reforms at the hands of chosen champions; principles, not personalities, would become the chief issues; and men of talent, experts in certain branches of science, which are indispensable to the conduct of good government, would then willingly take up politics as a profession, instead of, as now, shrinking from serving their country, because it has become an occupation of evil repute. Proportional representation will, of course, like every great act of justice, be scouted as a wild theory. The wire pullers of the party or parties, who may happen to be in power, will oppose its introduction with all the means at their disposal, for it would prevent them from perpetuating their rule by gerrymandering, but eventually it must be adopted if the representative system itself is to stand. Let not John Stuart Mill's word of warning be forgotten: "It is an essential part of democracy that minorities should be adequately represented. No real democracy, nothing but a false show of democracy, is possible without it."

THE NEW OLD TESTAMENT.

BY REV. JOHN W. CHADWICK.

A FINE scholar and fine gentleman, the late George P. Marsh, objected to a new translation of the Bible, that the religion of the English-speaking world had been fashioned and determined, not by the original Greek and Hebrew texts, but by the King James translation and those preceding it, which it absorbed into its own vital substance. To change the translation would, he contended, change the religion of "Greater Britain" and America. But it is already evident that if his expectation is to be made good, it will not be in any sudden or in any but the slowest manner. Apparently the disposition is extremely slight, on the part of clergymen, to substitute the new translation, or revision, for the old in their Sunday usage. The opinion of the majority seems to be that of the popular preacher: substantially that the King James translation is the original, and that all Greek and other versions are corruptions of its primitive simplicity. Doubtless the revision is being much used by the more scholarly and conscientious of the clergy in their private studies and their textual references in sermons and other writings. And doubtless in course of time, their influence will affect the general usage, but this event is likely to be far removed.

If instead of this prospect we could entertain such a one as the circumstances of the case would seem to justify, the revision which has been so laboriously made would not, we may be sure, effect any such change in the religion of the English-speaking world as Professor Marsh declared would follow on a new translation. But this might be because we have not yet a new translation, but only a revision made with extreme regard, especially in the Old Testament part, for the forms of speech endeared to us by centuries of association. The prospect which the circumstances of the case would seem to justify is a prospect of the general and immediate substitution of the new revision for the King James

translation. It is complained of the New Testament part that if the scholars engaged on the revision knew Greek, they did not know English; and this complaint is justified by every page of the revision. Nevertheless it is exceedingly strange that those who regard the original Greek of the New Testament as "the word of God" should not care more for his *ipsissima verba*, even badly Englished, than for a considerable distortion of those words, were it ever so melodious. Against the Old Testament part no similar complaint is likely to be made. The scholars engaged upon it knew English quite as well as they knew Hebrew. The noble style and rhythm of the older version have been retained throughout. And even if they had not been, it would be hard to understand the position of the multitude who, regarding the original Hebrew as "the word of God," prefer the King James translation to the revision. For it cannot be denied that this has been made by scholars of such ability and probity, and with such care and conscientiousness, that it must be much more fairly representative of the Hebrew text than is the common version. The amount of patient, self-denying effort that went to the completion of the Old Testament revision by forty-two English and American scholars in the course of fifteen years was equal to five years of consecutive labor on the part of thirty men; and the outcome of their labors is a sufficient justification of their length and carefulness.

This outcome is a new Old Testament, yet not so new that if it should at once obtain the currency which its character and origin demand, it would make over the religion of the English-speaking world. Its theory of religion, its theology, which is quite a different thing from its religion, might be affected to a considerable degree. The Old Testament changes are relatively less numerous and important than the New; but take all of both testaments together, and they have the textual armory of orthodoxy, only a little less effective than it was before, however we may think of that. Still, there is one particular, fundamental to this whole matter of biblical revision, which, could it be fairly grasped and its significance fully made out, would go far to justify the apprehensions of Professor Marsh, with which we introduced this article, if, for his word "religion," we substitute the word "theology." For the revision must have disposed forever, in

the mind of every thoughtful person who has attended to the matter, of the notion of verbal infallibility attaching to any part of the Old Testament or New. The history of the New Testament revision made generally known the fact that there were one hundred and fifty thousand disagreements in the various MSS. of the New Testament upon which the revisers were dependent for their knowledge of the original Greek. Granted that only a few hundred of these were of any real importance, here was no inconsiderable deduction from the claim of verbal inspiration. The ordinary representation is that the Hebrew text of the Old Testament is much less corrupt than the Greek text of the New. It is a fact that our Hebrew MSS. of the Old Testament present no such variety as the Greek MSS. of the New, but it is only so because we have no MSS. of the Old Testament corresponding to the period covered by our New Testament MSS. We have New Testament MSS. dating from the fourth and fifth centuries. Our earliest Hebrew MSS. are from the tenth and eleventh centuries. It is agreed, however, that they are a faithful reproduction of MSS. that were received as archetypal, several centuries before. But we have no reason to believe that these archetypal MSS. were fixed by any critical process, or any but the most fanciful, and before the time of these the text must have been subjected to innumerable vicissitudes.

The fact that for centuries the text was written without any vowels or vowel signs was one source of infinite corruption; another was the close resemblance of several of the written consonants. The Septuagint translation of the Old Testament, made long before the settlement of the Masoretic text, on which the revision is based, differs from this in various particulars, and probably not always for the worse. It is a significant fact that the Old Testament is quoted two hundred and seventy-one times in the New, and almost invariably from the Septuagint translation. Of Paul's eighty-four Old Testament quotations seventy are from this. Nevertheless, our English and American revisers have preferred the later Hebrew to the earlier Greek, chosen by the New Testament writers. The various readings would have multiplied with marvellous and embarrassing rapidity if the critical faculty of Jesus and the New Testament writers had seemed worth considering. Last, but not least, we have many reasons for believing that for some centuries the text

of the Hebrew scriptures was in a continual state of flux, owing to the habit of anonymous writing and the absence of any sense of ownership in literary productions. The functions of the author and the copyist were intermingled in a free and easy manner. If one copied a MS. he felt himself entitled to alter it to suit his judgment or his taste. All things considered, then, we are probably much further removed from the original Hebrew than from the original Greek. The New Testament revisers first revised the text, then the translation. Scholars, here and there, have demanded a similar revision of the Old Testament. But to have acceded would have launched the revisers on a sea without a shore. Only in nine places did they vary from the Masoretic text. In three hundred and sixty-five others they put various readings into the margin. The American revisers objected to this marginal confession of a possible mistake. But for every one of the adopted nine there would have been twenty thousand, if the Old Testament could have been treated as rationally and critically as the New has been. As it is, the margin of uncertainty in their results is sufficiently corrective of the conceit of verbal infallibility, if this conceit now anywhere survives the shocks of critical science. For example: In revising the Book of Job, confessedly one of the most imperfectly translated books of the King James translation, the number of changes made by the English revisers was one thousand and four; by the Americans one thousand seven hundred and eighty-one; while of identical changes there were only four hundred and fifty-five. And hence it will appear that even if the text relied upon had been "the original Hebrew,"—which it was very far from being,—we should still be many thousands of instances short of scholarly agreement as to its actual meaning, by as many short of verbal infallibility in our English version.

So, then, our new Old Testament, for those who understand the circumstances and the limitations of the revisers' work, and the merely probable correctness of their results in many cases, is an Old Testament from which the idea of verbal, or approximately verbal, infallibility is forever done away. It is an Old Testament whose original Hebrew is removed from *the* original Hebrew by an impassable gulf which time and various circumstances have cloven in the

scholar's path. It is an Old Testament which, for all the labor that has been spent upon it, brings us no nearer to a series of divinely inspired writings, but only nearer to a series of purely human compositions, the expression of a marvellous development of a rational religious life, for the most part anonymous, but not on this account less valuable, as exponents of an important factor in the fortunes of mankind. Doubtless the hope of coming face to face with Deity, of listening to his identical words, has nourished the sweet patience of many a scholar in the past while seeking to attain unto a purer text or a more accurate translation. Nevertheless, if we could finally attain to the absolute original of every part of either testament,—a thing impossible to do,—the intelligent scholar of to-day is well aware that this last result would be simply and entirely human, save as the Infinite God is implicated in all finite things.

But the range of biblical study far transcends the work of the translator, done with whatever breadth of collateral investigation. This had, indeed, directly and implicitly produced for us a new Old Testament, quite different from the ordinary version, with different meanings in a thousand places, without the old misleading chapter headings, and the running head lines that so often, as in Solomon's Song, imposed a meaning on the text that was entirely fanciful. Meantime, thanks to a higher criticism, which is not merely textual or verbal, there is a new Old Testament, which is of vastly more significance than that which the revision has brought into being. The revisers did a microcosmic work, and did it wonderfully well. But a macrocosmic work also has been done. The revisers stood too near the object of their study to see its grand proportions and its relation to other objects. They were not able, as the proverb goes, to see the forest for the trees. They were like the excellent old lady who protested she could see a needle stuck in a barn across the road. Yes, there was the needle, but—where—was—the barn? They saw the smaller, not the larger thing—the meaning of the individual atomic parts; not the organic parts and their relations to the living, breathing whole.

But if they did not do this, it has not gone undone. For while the work of *translation* was going on those fifteen years, throughout that time and for a longer period, a work of *trans-*

position was going on—nor is it finished yet—of vastly more importance. Books that appear as wholes in both the King James translation and the revision, have been shown to be the fragmentary work of different authors, and of periods sometimes widely separated from each other. Take *Isaiah*, for example. There probably was not a scholar of the forty-two engaged from first to last on the revision who had any doubt that the book of *Isaiah*, as it now stands in the Bible, revised and unrevised, falls into two great parts, and that, while the first forty chapters are, for the most part, actually *Isaiah's*, the last twenty-seven are from another prophet who lived two centuries later. Yet there is not a hint of this in the revision. There is not a break of any sort to indicate the lapse of centuries between the thirty-ninth chapter and the fortieth. I find no fault with this. If the revisers had begun to introduce the element of literary, as distinct from textual, criticism into their work, where could they have made a stop? Not short of many erasures of names that now stand printed as those of the authors of various books; for the *Lamentations* are not *Jeremiah's*, and the book of *Daniel* is not *Daniel's*, and the *Proverbs* are not *Solomon's*, nor is *Ecclesiastes*, nor the *Song of Songs*, and if any of the seventy-three *Psalms* ascribed to *David*, not more than two or three, though *Ewald* said about a dozen. But of the new Old Testament of literary criticism, the particular traits that I have named, and many others of like character, are the least important.

The Old Testament literature is for the most part resumed under three principal classes—Law, Prophets, *Psalms*. The order of their arrangement in our Bibles, revised and unrevised alike, is Law, *Psalms*, Prophets; and the natural implication and the popular understanding is that this was the order of their appearance: the Law, twelve to fifteen hundred years B. C.; the *Psalms*, about one thousand B. C.; the Prophets, from eight hundred to four hundred and fifty years B. C. What is the order of arrangement in the new Old Testament of the literary critics? The Prophets come first, instead of last; the Law comes second, instead of first; the *Psalms* come last, instead of second: Prophets, Law, *Psalms*. Again the Law, i. e., the Pentateuch and Joshua (the *Hexateuch* of critical designation), has been shown to belong to three distinct periods: a prophetic part to the

eighth century B. C., a priestly prophetic compromise part (Deuteronomy) to the seventh century, the latter part of it, a priestly part (the so-called Book of Origen, consisting of the most priestly elements of the Pentateuch and Joshua), to the middle of the fifth century; after which the Psalms were mainly written, many of them not before the Maccabean times. A similar breaking up and transposition is demanded by the character of the books of *Samuel* and *Kings*. These, like the Hexateuch, have their stratifications of prophetic, priestly prophetic, and priestly elements. And this breaking up and transposition gives to a mass of literature, which was before a baffling mechanical riddle, a vital and organic unity. In the traditional view there is no correspondence between the literature and the life. An elaborate ritual is credited to a barbarous age; the Psalms, the most spiritual parts of the Old Testament, as near to Jesus and his thought, in many instances, as May to June, are credited to an age hardly less barbarous, and to a man of blood; and the *Prophets*, the most rude and primitive part, are credited to the nation's period of highest civilization, as compared with the Davidic and Mosaic. Once rightly classified, the Old Testament literature reports a progress from a savage worship and morality to a spiritual worship, and a morality of almost Christian tenderness. But there is no hint of this in the present order and arrangement of its various parts.

The new Old Testament of the higher literary criticism has as yet only an ideal existence. And not for many a day, if ever, will the Old Testament in common use be one that has respect to this ideal. But the time will come, and it should not be long delayed, when either individual scholars or enterprising bodies of enlightened men will publish an Old Testament in which the present order shall be wholly broken up; and to the music of historic evolution, the parts shall rearrange themselves and grow, as the obsequious stones of Thebes to the music of Amphion's lyre, into a high constructing symmetry and grace. Such a work is made more consciously necessary by the removal from the revision, of so many of the old interpretative signs, in the way of chapter headings and running head-line titles. Irrational and misleading as they were, they introduced an artificial cosmos into the otherwise chaotic mass. But now chaos is come again.

Until the voice "Let there be light," shall sound, it is for those who love this noblest literature that ever has proceeded from the mind and heart of man, to bring to its appreciation all of the helps the higher criticism has to offer. These are not few, and they are not all of such a character as commends them exclusively to the laborious and patient scholar. If Kuenen's *Hexateuch* is of this character, and Wellhausen's *History of Israel*, and Reuss's Bible *L'Histoire Sainte et la Loi*, and the minute and special studies of Hupfeld and Graf and Duhm, so is not Kuenen's *Religion of Israel*, and the multitude of articles in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, by Professor W. Robertson Smith, Wellhausen, and others, all of which are illustrations of the methods and results which I have indicated as the methods and results of the literary criticism of the Old Testament, in the latest stage of its development. There is nothing in these methods and results that indicates theological liberality or heresy. They simply denote carefulness and study, clearness of understanding. Professor Toy of Harvard University is a Baptist, in good and regular standing, but he accepts these methods and results as cordially as the Presbyterian Professor W. Robertson Smith, or as any Unitarian. Knowing that these things are so, and that the Old Testament as commonly arranged, however faithfully revised, is falsifying and frequently dishonoring to the character and bearing of its separate parts, as they were originally produced, it is for all honest men, and especially for all honest scholars and all upright ministers of religion, to hasten the time when there shall be a new Old Testament, concrete, tangible, and legible, which shall embody the results of that higher criticism which has hardly left one stone of its traditional structure on another, but from the ruins has evoked a city that has foundations, orderly and beautiful, as that new Jerusalem which the men of Patmos saw descending out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.

COMPULSORY NATIONAL ARBITRATION.

BY RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

THERE has never been an age that has not had some special problem to solve. Whenever people succeeded in finding the proper solution, history records prosperity; whenever they failed to find the right answer to the riddle of the Sphinx, we are informed that disasters befell them.

It seems as if Fate, which proposes the various problems, is not very fertile in inventing new subjects, because with little variation, the problems given to the various nations and ages have always been the same in substance, changed only in their form. The labor question has ever been the vexed question. Whether it appeared in the form of absolute slavery, or in that of limited slavery (as provided for in the Mosaic Law); whether in the guise of feudalism or of serfdom, or whether it finally appeared as a wage system, it has always been the very same subject that puzzled the minds of the wise. It was always the endeavor of a few to enslave the many, and the unwillingness of the many to be thus enslaved, which clashed against each other and thus caused the community to inquire how to prevent the threatening cataclysm. History records repeatedly, how by superior physical energy or superior mental ability the few became able to enslave the masses, and to lead a luxurious life at the expense of those by whose labor they lived, and how at times, when the suffering became unendurable, the masses arose like an infuriated animal and by brute force destroyed their drivers. Strange but true, it always records that after such a revolt, when the anger of the brute was quenched in blood, it returned peaceably to the plough, and allowed itself to be harnessed again by the same hand.

In our days the problem has assumed a modern form. Physical strength is no longer permitted to enslave the weak, because gunpowder and dynamite have equalized strength. Public-school education and consequent mental development,

have made it impossible that a learned class should rule and make serviceable an uneducated populace. The workman of to-day is able to enter into a debate with the factory owner who employs him; and not rarely will it be found that the former will be as well versed in history, in literature, in eloquence, and in sound logic as is the other. The only power in our days able to enslave a man and to make him the subordinate of another is the money power, and this weapon again is in the hands of a few who make use of it to enslave the many. Within the last century, conditions have changed so rapidly by means of the inventions made and the machinery devised to supersede hand labor, that social organization could not keep up with them. It takes a long time for an act to impress itself as right or wrong and take hold of the consciences of men, and on that account it happens that dissenting parties are both convinced that they are right and that they demand but what is just and fair. Hence the strife between them grows the more stubborn.

We have of late passed through a direful experience. The Carnegie Company at Homestead disagreed with the Amalgamated Labor Union, ostensibly in regard to the schedule of prices to be paid for certain labors, while in fact it seems to have been the intention of the mill management to break, once and forever, the power of the Association.

It seems clear to me that if the Labor Union had yielded peaceably and accepted the twenty-four-dollar schedule, a conflict would have been sought for at some other time and on some other pretext. The main point at issue was: Shall the laborer have a right to interfere with the business management and shall the association have the right to prescribe prices? From the standpoint of the employer, it seems unjustifiable that employees should meddle with the affairs of their employers; that they should decide what wages they must be paid, and how the business should be conducted. Looked upon from the employer's standpoint, it seems as clear as sunlight that they should have the right to employ whom they please and buy labor as cheap as they can find it profitable to employ. Should a man not be master in his own house? Should the one who risks his capital in an enterprise not be allowed to employ whom he pleases? Has it ever been heard of in the whole history of the world that the owner of property should not have full control of it?

Has it not ever been the fundamental duty of the government to protect a man in his possessions?

On the other hand, the conditions between the laborer and his employer have changed to such an extent, that the former notions of right and wrong have become totally upset. The introduction of machinery has brought about a division of labor which makes a man merely an attachment to the machine which he feeds. No one laborer now produces any article; it requires thousands to produce one. Moreover, while in former times the laborer owned his tools and could carry them with him wherever it pleased him to go, in our days he is chained to the mill in which he works. He cannot leave it, because he cannot find similar employment elsewhere. Individually the laborer of to-day has lost his power of resistance, and his only safety lies in his association with others. In former times, for example, the shoemaker understood how to make a whole shoe. If he lost his place he could pack his tools into his knapsack, go to some other place, set up his stool, solicit custom, and begin work. To-day it requires hundreds to make one shoe. The one who makes part of it, by means of machinery which he does not own, becomes a zero; and only when all the hundred who make the shoe, combine, does the shoemaker of old take form in them. If they together could go and set up their shop somewhere else, the former conditions between master and man would be re-established; but as they cannot take with them their tools, the machine shop, they are at a disadvantage. It is easy for a mill owner to say, "If my men are not satisfied with my terms or with the wages I pay them, they may go; I can find others who will accept my terms gladly." This would apply to conditions as they once were but are no more. The laborer feels, therefore, that not only has he the perfect right to associate, but also that he must work out his salvation by means of association.

The labor unions, however, have but one weapon with which to defend themselves, and that is the strike. If they do not go as one body, all their advantages for success are gone, and right or wrong, the members of any such an association must step out when a strike is ordered by those whom they allow to handle their affairs. This weapon unfortunately has an edge on either side, and so far it has not alone hurt the one against whom it was directed, but also wounded the

one who wielded it. This weapon, furthermore, formidable as it is, still stands in the same proportion to capital with which it contests, as did the pitchforks of the farmers to the swords and armor of the knights of the Middle Ages with whom they waged an unsuccessful war. No matter what losses a strike may bring to a corporation, capital can hold out longer in the strife than can the laboring men. After a few weeks the laborer is starved into submission. Inasmuch as the old ideas of right and wrong taken from the former status of society are still valid, public opinion, as well as the judges who preside in our courts, will find no fault with a corporation that shuts down the mills, rather than yield to the demands of the laborers. They will, however, find fault when the laborer, driven to the wall, deprived of his means of livelihood, grows excited and endeavors to obtain by brute force what he cannot obtain legally. We behold, therefore, at the present time two forces, intended to go together in the best of harmony, fighting each other, and, what is worse, each believing that the right is on its own side.

In former ages, when people believed that the sword was the best arbiter between man and man, and that the one who was victorious was also always right, while the one who was defeated was always wrong, such differences would have been quickly settled.

Then capital would have enforced its government by a hired militia, while labor unions would have destroyed their antagonists by means of dynamite. Then it would have been merely a question of brute force, and the one who succeeded would claim to have had the right on his side. But in our days we have ceased to believe that might is right. We do not believe that the justice of an act is proved by knocking down an adversary or the one who holds a different opinion regarding it; to-day we have outlived the idea that God decides the destiny of mankind on battle-fields. In our days sound common sense objects with equal strength to the employment of Pinkerton detectives to shoot at laborers, as it does to the action of frenzied anarchists, who direct their murderous weapons upon individuals or who set fire to property. In our days the idea has begun to dawn that both parties should be forced to submit to arbitration.

The real difficulty with which such an arrangement would meet would not be so much the formation of such a tribunal,

as the fear that the parties would not be found willing to submit to such an arrangement, and would not yield to the decrees of arbitrators. This fear has been brought forth as the strongest argument against arbitration; yet when we come to look at it by the light of precedence, it dwindles into nothing.

In days of old, arbitration did not exist. The strongest arm prevailed. If two people disagreed, they had to fight it out among themselves. In course of time, however, such a state of affairs was found to be intolerable. Public safety was endangered by it, and appeals were made to the king to judge between dissenting parties. The kings of old were generally men who had won the respect of the people through personal valor and skill in warfare. Their decrees as arbitrators were therefore respected only in so far as they could enforce their decisions; but with all the rudeness of these first attempts at arbitration, a beginning was made, and out of this beginning developed, in course of time, our whole juridical system. We do compel people to yield to arbitration in all other matters. If two business men disagree and have a quarrel about some transaction, we do not look on and allow them to fight it out between themselves; we do not allow the one to hire rowdies to fight his opponent, nor do we allow the other to attack and destroy the property of his antagonist. Neither will we in our days ask the governor of the state to send his soldiers against either of them. We compel them, first of all, to submit to the decision of a court; we compel them to arbitrate; we grant to each the right of appeal. But when he has finally brought his case to the various institutions of arbitration, and the law is found to be against him, we force him to yield, and the whole power of the country is placed at the disposal of his antagonist, to make him submit to the decision of the arbitrators.

Now, why should not the same apply to questions that arise between a corporation, which represents one party in the strife, and a labor union, which represents the other? Why should they be allowed to destroy each other either by starvation or gunpowder? or why should the state be called upon to protect either of the two contestants *before* the matter has been settled in a court, and it has been proven that the one side is right and the other wrong? That we have no courts instituted for such purposes, does not prove that they

should not exist. They must be created. A new time requires new methods. At the time when individual stood in opposition to individual, courts of the kind we have sufficed; but in our modern age, when the individual has vanished and has become merely a cell of society, when corporations struggle with corporations; when the interests of bodies clash against those of other bodies, provision must be made to arbitrate between them; laws must be passed by which such cases shall be decided; in a word, we must adapt the institutions of our time to its needs and wants. This warfare between capital and labor cannot be continued for any length of time without great danger to society. To permit the contestants to fight it out among themselves, would be as absurd as to close our court rooms and permit contestants to use their fists as arguments, and to settle their affairs as best they can.* "Compulsory National Arbitration" is therefore the only reasonable and equitable measure which would bring order out of present chaos. All supposed difficulties would vanish, if a court of arbitration were established and its duties defined.

* We compel individuals now to seek redress of wrongs in the court room. Why should we be frightened by the harsh sound of Compulsory National Arbitration in cases when associations differ in opinion? What our courts are to individuals, a board of arbitration would be to corporations.

THE POWER AND VALUE OF MONEY.

BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

"THE love of money is a root of all kinds of evil," says Paul. So say many modern reformers.

But we can say the same thing about the love of anything which manifests itself as a force in the world. The love of man and woman has been the root of all kinds of evil from the beginning of the world. Shall we therefore abolish love, as many would abolish wealth, if they could? Here, indeed, those who have consecrated themselves in the Church to the peculiarly religious life have made the attempt. Monasteries, nunneries, the existence of Shakers in the modern world, show the effort on the part of some to abolish or prohibit the love between man and woman; and the man who has consecrated himself in the Church to the peculiarly religious life has taken upon himself also the vow of perpetual chastity. So we find that the attempt is made by men in every direction to abolish the possibilities of evil instead of recognizing that all these things are simply centres and fountains of power, and that the thing for them and for us to do is to train ourselves into mastery of these forces, so that we may use them to lift instead of to degrade the world. Thousands of people lose their lives every year by going to sea. Shall we therefore try to abolish the winds or prohibit the life of the sailor? Thousands of persons also die by accident at home. If we carry the principle far enough, we should have to abolish the home. If we wish to abolish the possibility of evil, we must abolish the universe and done with it. We need, then, to recognize that these mighty elemental forces are neither bad nor good in themselves. They are simply means that may be intelligently used for the harm or for the help of man, for the harm or the help of both individuals and nations. Shall we, then, hate money? Shall we oppose it? Shall we single it out as being the root of all kinds of evil? Shall we indiscriminately attack rich men? What shall we do about it?

It seems to me that we shall find ourselves led naturally and easily into the heart of our theme if we stop long enough here to inquire what money is and as to the relation in which money stands to wealth. For, mark you, at the outset, money is not wealth, though it is frequently and commonly supposed to be. I shall for a few moments traverse ground which I know is familiar to thoughtful, educated business men; but perhaps it will not be entirely amiss for the sake of those who have not really thought about it.

In the earliest stage of human civilization there was no money. There were a few things that were property, which constituted the wealth of the time; but there was no money, and the people merely bartered or exchanged one thing for another thing. Picture to yourself, for example, a man among the Indians who has developed some special genius for making beautiful and effective bows and arrows. He loves the work, but he cannot possibly use all that he can make. There are others who want bows and arrows; and they cannot make them, or make them more clumsily, less beautiful, less effective. So he naturally develops the trade of a bow and arrow maker. If he wants something which another member of the tribe possesses, he will purchase it by exchange of his bows and arrows. This may stand as representing the first trading of the world. Of course it is only an illustration of what might be multiplied in a hundred other directions. But by and by a difficulty arises. The man has manufactured his bows and arrows; but here is somebody who wants a bow and arrow, who does not happen at the time to possess anything that the manufacturer desires. There is a difficulty, then, a block, in the matter of exchange. But if this man who desires the bow and arrow could bring something else, something that would serve as money, something that has a permanent value, which the manufacturer of the bows and arrows can keep indefinitely until he wishes to use it in exchange or in the purchase of something else, the matter is plain. It is in this perfectly natural way, out of the exchanges of growing civilization, that money came into being.

Now, then, what is money worth? It is worth only that into which it can be transmuted. It is worth absolutely nothing as an end. It has a value only as a means. A man is not rich, does not possess wealth, merely because he pos-

sesses a large quantity of gold. We can easily conceive a man so situated that he should have gold lying in heaps about him, and yet be starving, be unclothed, be cold, not be protected from the weather, not be supplied with anything that is necessary to the real wants of his nature as a man. The wealth of the world, then, consists in things — its coats, its boots, its hats, its houses, its books, its musical instruments, its pictures, its statuary — all these things that comfort, that lift up a man, that satisfy the hungers, not merely of his body, but of his heart, his mind, and his soul. These things, and these only, are wealth; and money is only a convenient medium by which to carry on the exchange of wealth, or by which to help its further production or creation.

Let me now come to consider the real importance of money as related to the development of mankind. I do not at all agree with those who think that wealth ought to be abolished, or that there ought to be, somehow, a block or hindrance to the creation of wealth. The world needs more wealth, not less. The world needs more money, not less. The only thing I would hinder, if I could, would be that method of carrying on business which is merely a grabbing from the hands of one person by another of that wealth which is already created, which merely transfers money from the pocket of one man to that of another, without increasing by a single iota the store of the world's well being. It would be nobler, better, in every way, if we could put an end to that kind of business. But the desire for wealth which becomes a spur to the creation of more wealth — this should be stimulated and rewarded, instead of being treated as a crime.

Why do we need money? If all the men and all the women of the world were obliged to work twelve hours of every day in order merely to keep life in the body, to get enough to eat, enough to protect themselves from the cold, and then found themselves so tired that they must sleep, in order that the next day they might work twelve hours more, — if all the world were in that condition, it could not take one single step above barbarism. Money is a condition of civilization: it is the first step upwards on the rounds of development which lead from the animal to God. Why? Because a man is more than a body that needs food, that needs to be covered, that needs to be protected from the weather. Man is a being with affections, with a mind, with

a soul. He is a being that loves books, loves music, loves beauty, and so creates art, pictures, statues. He is a being that loves and cares for all these higher things; and it is only when you get up here that you are on the level of a man.

You must then release those men who are capable of creating these higher things from the necessity of merely earning their bread and butter, in order that they may be free, not for their own sake, but for the sake of mankind. For never yet has one grand thing that had a human value been invented or created or wrought by men that has not benefited mankind, that has not enriched the world. Suppose Shakespeare had been obliged to work for his living, so that he would have had no time or strength to write his great dramas. Suppose the same of Homer or Dante, or the great discoverers and inventors of the world—all those who have added to the mental, moral, and spiritual wealth of mankind—think how poor we should have been! We should be still on the level of barbarism. We need, then, wealth enough, so that men can be released from grinding toil and care, to the extent of being able to cultivate some of these higher tastes. We need wealth, so that the persons who are able to feed these higher tastes may be released from the necessity of self-support, that they may create the things that the world desires. And by as much as the mere work of feeding the necessities of the physical man can be left behind, can become automatic, by just so much can man outgrow the animal and rise into the human.

We need another thing, which is really only the other side of the same thing. The one thing we need to do to-day, so far as the laborer, the day-worker, of the world is concerned, is to devise some means by which the hours of his labor can be shortened; that is, to find out a way by which the world can get on with less drudgery, that these people may have time to become civilized. Suppose we should suddenly reduce the working hours of the world to eight. I am perfectly well aware of the fact that a great many people thus set free would waste their time. That would be nothing more than is true of a great many people who are already set free by the possession of wealth. They would have the same right to waste their time that the rest of us have, which is—no right at all. But they must be set free, and allowed to be free, in order that by their own experience they may learn

to live. That is the only way anybody ever learns. A carpenter is likely to cut himself in learning to be a carpenter, but I do not know of any way by which that risk can be avoided. If we are to have carpenters, we must take the risk of their cutting themselves in the process of learning. So, if the common laboring men of the world are to be released and set free, so that they can learn to be men, we must run the risk of their abusing their freedom, and the risk of some of them abusing their freedom all their lives long. But, as I said, that is no worse than the fact that people are abusing it on every hand now,—those who have already won their release.

Here, then, is the good of money, the good of accumulated wealth, the capacity for creating it,—that it enables the world to climb up out of the animal into heart, into mind, into soul; and I know of no other way. Let us, then, accumulate wealth, and obtain the mastery of the forces of the world for the sake of the hope of mankind.

I wish now to note some of the dangers of wealth. Note one thing. It is not the possession of money itself; it is the love of it, the caring for it more than for anything else. A man may be rich, and yet not come under this curse. A man may be ever so poor, and yet struggle all his life merely for money which he does not succeed in obtaining, and so fall under the curse of him who loves money, and money only.

I wish to note some of the common evils. I am not saying that all rich people have fallen into these evils; but the possession of large amounts of money kept in a family, transmitted from generation to generation,—the tendency of that is to what? The tendency is to barbarize the people. To make clear what I mean, let me recall the saying of Matthew Arnold. He used to talk about the upper classes in England being thoroughly barbarized. What did he mean? Let us find out what a barbarian is. What are the characteristics of a barbarian? Idleness, having no purpose in life, no thought of working for any one else; sensuality, having developed no higher tastes than the animal, and so living for bodily gratification; and cruelty, taking delight in those things that give pain, that hurt. These are the characteristics of a barbarian; and these are the characteristics of large numbers of the members of dominant families in the Old World to-day. They are idle, having no purpose in the

world. They live for nothing that reaches beyond self. They are sensual. They have developed no higher taste than the gratification of their physical appetites. They are cruel — cruel in two ways. In the first place, a man who lives in the presence of suffering week after week and year after year, and does not think of it, and does not care, is at least negatively cruel. It may be cruelty through thoughtlessness, but it is the indirect means of the continuance of suffering none the less. People through being pampered may come into the state of mind of that French princess just before the French Revolution. When the people were starving, and they told her the people had no bread, she naïvely asked, "Why don't they eat cake?" She had lived a life so utterly apart from the thought of being deprived of any gratification that she could not imagine people who could not have cake, who could not have bread. And that, I say, amounts in the end to horrible cruelty.

Then the pleasures of this class of people tend to cruelty. In England, if the younger son of a noble family wishes to go off to travel over the world for amusement, what does he do? He hunts. Some one has said that, when an Englishman has ennui, when he is weary and tired, he says to a friend, "Come, let us go out and kill something." That is his idea of enjoyment. I speak of this to illustrate that the tendency of this pampered, irresponsible life is towards these three essentials of barbarism, — idleness, a useless life, sensuality, cruelty.

What next? One of the greatest dangers that assails the rich is that of giving the world a false and unreal theory of what success in life means, of having a false standard, a false ideal. There is coming to be developed in this country a moneyed aristocracy, which is the poorest, the meanest, the most contemptible type of aristocracy that the world ever saw. Take the people who are thought to be worthy to belong to the "Four Hundred" of New York. What do they stand for? The ideal of the man who has put himself forward as their leading representative, and who may perhaps be fairly considered as their representative, because he has published a book about them, and they have not resented it (I think they have purchased it), — what is his ideal? The ideal of his life centres round the banquet table — a perfect dinner, perfect wines, perfect service, perfect catering

to the stomach. The centre of his kingdom is the stomach — not brain, not heart, not soul. * And thousands of young men all over the country are striving, sometimes at the price of principle and honesty, to follow hard after these leaders, with the one thought in their minds from beginning to end that, if they can get rich, they will have succeeded. Succeeded in what? I do not despise money. I do not despise wealth. I do not despise wealthy men. But if a man merely succeeds in making money, what has he succeeded in doing? He has succeeded in getting possession of certain means, certain material, that might be, if well used, a help in the cultivation of manhood. But merely because he has become rich, he has not necessarily touched even the beginning of manhood.

The acquisitive faculty, the ability to make money, is no ignoble ability. If it be rightly used in the creation of wealth and in adding to the world's wealth, it is of public service. But it is merely a means to an end, not an end in itself. Look abroad over the land, and see what I mean. You will remember that famous saying of Agassiz. After he had become a distinguished man, and it was known that his name was such that he would be a drawing card, a man came to him and offered him fifty thousand dollars for a course of lectures to be given under his management. Agassiz was busy. He was carrying out a line of study of great importance to the development of some department of science, and so for the welfare of the world. So he said, "I cannot stop to make money." He was doing something more important. Is not that something higher than the mere acquisition of money?

There are thousands of men who have no money-making ability whatever, but who do have the ability to serve the world in grander ways. The ability to make money may be peculiar to a man, like the genius for painting or music. A man may be born with it. Certain people are so gifted with this ability that they are like the man of whom Oliver Wendell Holmes said that, if all the houses in the world were burned down, he would get rich in a week by trading in potash. Some men have this genius for making money; but here is a man who has no genius in that direction at all. But he can paint a picture that the wealth of the world tries to buy, and cannot. There are pictures in Europe to-day

that no private gold could buy. No man could own them if he laid all his wealth at the feet of their possessor. Nations fight for their ownership. A man who writes a book that adds to the wealth of the world's thinking, a man who, like Darwin, makes a discovery which is an epoch in the growth of civilization,—this man may have had no faculty whatever for making money. But they are the men whom the money-makers should be glad to release and set free for their own work; for then they are working for me, working for you, working for all men.

But the man who makes the love of money the object of his life is in danger of forgetting that there are things a thousand times more important. He is in danger of overlooking those things in the service of which money should be used.

Then there is the danger that threatens the rich always, of being content down there on the level of their wealth. A man is able to build himself a beautiful house, to put the softest carpets under his feet, to decorate his walls finely; but not caring much for higher things, the danger is that he will stop striving, and will say, Soul, thou hast goods laid up for many years: eat, drink, and be merry; you need not struggle any more. The world has thousands of industrial, political, and social problems still unsolved; but shut in here in this beautiful mansion, and surrounded by all these things that can aid and comfort, he can make the walls so thick and soft that the moan of humanity will not be heard. The danger is that a man, being surfeited and filled with these things, will not care to read, will not care to think, will not care to help on mankind; that he will forget that he is a soul, that the essential thing in him is thought and feeling, and love and aspiration. The danger, then, is that he shall be content on this lower level, and forget that he is a man.

I do not say, by any means, that all rich people fall into these perils; but I do say they are real perils that threaten the rich. They are some of the evils of which the love of money is the root, and the only way to escape them is to keep clearly in our minds what money is—that it is a means, not an end; to remember the relation in which it stands to the higher things of life, the real ownership of it, to whom it really belongs, and what is the only high and noble use to which it can be put.

The ideal, then, is here. I know it will be many a long year before we shall be very near to its realization. I know through what a long, slow process of experience and growth the average man must pass before he can even gain a glimpse of its desirability. But the one grand ideal that every true man holds in his heart as the thing to be striven for is a condition of the world something like this — a condition in which all men shall be released from such drudgery as makes it impossible for them to find time to cultivate that in them which is highest.

Let me use the figure of the body to illustrate precisely what I mean. All the necessary acts on which the life of the body depends from hour to hour have become automatic. I do not have to think whether my heart is beating or not; it takes care of itself. And so most of the necessary actions of life are automatic; they take care of themselves. We need socially and industrially to attain such a condition of the world that these lower, common, universal necessities of mankind shall be easily disposed of, become almost automatic, so that a man will not have to grind his heart out, weary his brain, feel his soul crushed in him, by the burden of poverty, merely that he may keep soul and body together. We dream of the time — and I believe it is quite possible — in which the mere sustenance, the supply of the world's necessities, shall be reduced to such low terms that they shall be easily disposed of. Then, and then only, will mankind as a whole begin to live. For a man as a man does not live while he is drudging simply to get something to eat and keep from starving. He begins to live when that is behind him, and he is free to sit down and think, Now, I am a man; when he is free to use his brain, free to use his affectional nature, free to climb into his soul and to commune with those things that are eternal and do not pass away. Every man, then, who has any power of heart, power of soul, power of money, power of any kind, ought to keep the ideal of the world ever in view, and note that the only grand human life is that which consecrates itself to its attainment.

WOMEN WAGE-EARNERS, THEIR PAST, THEIR PRESENT, AND THEIR FUTURE.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

II.

RISE AND GROWTH OF TRADES UP TO THE PRESENT TIME.

BAFFLING and discouragement attend well-nigh every step of the attempt to reach any conclusions regarding women workers in the early years of the century. It is true that 1832 witnessed an attempt at an investigation into their status, but the results were of slight value, actual figures being almost unattainable. The census of 1840 gave more, and that of 1850 showed still larger gain. In that of 1840 the number of women and children in the silk industry was taken; but while the same is true of the later one, there is apparently no record of them in any printed form. The New York State Census for the years 1845 and 1855 gave some space to the work of women and children, but there is nothing of marked value till another decade had passed.

It is to the United States Census for 1866 that we must look for the first really definite statements as to the occupations of women and children. Scattered returns of an earlier date had shown that the percentage of those employed in factories was a steadily increasing one, but in what ratio was considered as unimportant. In fact, statistics of any order had small place, nor was their need seriously felt, save here and there, in the mind of the student.

To comprehend the blankness of this period in all matters relating to social and economic questions, it is necessary to recall the fact that no such needs as those of the mother country pressed upon us. To those who looked below the surface and watched the growing tide of emigration, it was plain that they were, in no distant day, to arise. But for the most part, even for those compelled to severest toil, it was taken for granted that full support was a certainty, and

that the men or women who did not earn a comfortable living could blame no one but themselves.

There were other reasons why any enumeration of women workers seemed not only superfluous but undesirable. For the better order, prejudice was still strong enough against all who deviated from custom or tradition to make each new candidate for a living shrink from any publicity that could be avoided. Society frowned upon the woman who dared to strike out in new paths, and thus made them even more thorny than necessity had already done.

It is impossible for the present, with its full freedom of opportunity, to realize, or credit even, the difficulties of the past, or even of a period hardly more than a generation ago. It was of this time that Dr. Emily Blackwell, one of the pioneers in higher work for women, wrote: "Women were hindered at every turn by endless restraint in endless minor detail of habit, custom, tradition, etc. . . . Most women who have been engaged in any new departure would testify that the difficulties of the undertaking lay far more in these artificial hindrances and burdens than in their own health, or in the nature of the work itself."

It was this shrinking from publicity, among all save the most ordinary workers, by this time largely foreign, that made one difficulty in the way of census enumerators. By 1860 it had become plain that an enormous increase in their numbers was taking place, and that no just idea of this increase could be formed so long as industrial statistics were made up with no distinction as to sex. The spread of the factory system and the constant invention of new machinery had long ago removed from homes the few branches of the work that could be carried on within them. Processes had divided and sub-divided. The mill worker knew no longer every phase of the work implied in the production of her web, but became more and more a part of the machine itself. This was especially true of all textile industries, — cotton or woollen, with their many ramifications, — and becomes more so with each year of progress.

Cotton and woollen manufactures, with the constantly increasing sub-divisions of all the processes involved, counted their thousands upon thousands of women workers. Another industry had been one of the first opened to women, much of its work being done at home. Shoemaking, with

all its processes of binding and finishing, had its origin for this country in Massachusetts, to the ingenuity and enterprise of whose mechanics is due the fact that the United States has attained the highest perfection in this branch. Lynn, Mass., as far back as 1750, had become famous for its women's shoes, the making of which was carried on in the families of the manufacturers. At first no especial skill was shown; but in 1750 a Welsh shoemaker, named John Adam Dagyr, settled there and acquired great fame for himself and the town for his superior workmanship. In 1788 the exports of women's shoes from Lynn were one hundred thousand pairs, while in 1795 over three hundred thousand pairs were sent out, and by 1870 the number had reached eleven million.

Beginning with the employment of a few dozen women, twenty other towns took up the same industry, and furnish their quota of the general return. The Massachusetts Bureau of Labor gives, in its report for 1873, the number of women employed as eleven thousand one hundred and ninety-three, with some six hundred female children. Maine and New Hampshire followed, and both have a small proportion of women workers engaged in the industry, while it has gradually extended, New England always retaining the lead, till New York, Philadelphia, and many Western and Southern towns rank high in the list of producers.

As in every other trade, processes have divided and subdivided. Sewing machines did away with the tedious binding by hand, which had its compensations, however, in the fact that it was done at home. There is only incidental record of the numbers employed in this industry till the later census returns; but the percentage outside of Massachusetts remained a very small one, as even in Maine the total number given in the Report of the Bureau of Labor for 1887 is but five hundred and thirty-three, an almost inappreciable per cent of the population. The returns of the last census, that of 1880, give the total number of women in this employment as twenty-one thousand, the proportion still remaining largest for New England.

Straw braiding was another of the early trades, and the first straw bonnet braided in the United States was made by Miss Betsey Metcalf of Providence, R. I., in 1798. For many years straw plaiting was done at home; but the quality of our material was always inferior to that grown abroad,

our climate making it much more brittle and difficult to handle. The wage at first was from two to three dollars a week; but as factories were established, where imported braid was made up, the sum sometimes reached five dollars. The census of 1860 gave the total number of women employed as one thousand four hundred and thirty. According to the census of 1870, nine states had taken up this industry, Massachusetts employing the largest number, and Vermont the least, the total number being twelve thousand five hundred and ninety-four; while in 1880 the number had risen to nineteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight.

Up to the time of the Civil War, aside from factory employments, the trades open to women were limited, and the majority of their occupations were still carried on at home, or with but few in numbers, as in dressmaking establishments, millinery, and the like. With the new conditions brought about at this time, and the vast number of women thrown upon their own resources, came the flocking into trades for which there had been no training, and which had been considered as the exclusive property of men. A surplus of untrained workers at once appeared, and this and general financial depression brought the wage to its lowest terms; but when this had in part ended, the trades still remained open. At the close of the war some hundred were regarded as practicable. Ten years later the number had more than doubled, and to-day we find over four hundred occupations, while, as new inventions arise, the number of possibilities in this direction steadily increases. The many considerations involved in these facts will be met later on. General conditions of trades as a whole are given in the census returns, though even there hardly more than approximately, little work of much real value being accomplished till the formation of the labor bureaus, with which we are soon to deal. Every allowance, however, is to be made for the Census Bureau, which found itself almost incapable of overcoming many of the lions in the way. The tone of the remarks on this point in that for 1860 is almost plaintive, nor is it less so in the next; but methods have clarified, and the work is far more authoritative than for long seemed possible.

Innumerable difficulties hedged about the enumerators for 1860. Rooted objection to answering the questions in detail was not one of the least. Unfamiliarity with the newer

phases of the work was another, and thus it happened that the volume when issued was full of discrepancies. The tables of occupations, for example, characterized but a little over two thousand persons as connected with woollen and worsted manufacture; while the tables of manufactures showed that considerably more than forty thousand persons were engaged, upon the average, in these branches of manufacturing industry.

The returns gave the number of women employed in various branches of manufacture as two hundred and eighty-five thousand, but stated that the figures were approximate merely, it being impossible to secure full returns. It was found that three and a half per cent of the population of Massachusetts were in the factories, and nearly the same proportion in Connecticut and Rhode Island; but details were of the most meagre description, and conclusions based upon them were likely to err at every point. Its value was chiefly educative, since the failure it represents pointed to a change in methods, and more preparation than had at any time been considered necessary in the officials who had the matter in charge.

The census for 1870 reaped the benefits of the new determination; yet even of this General Walker was forced to write: "This census concludes that from one to two hundred thousand workers are not accounted for, from the difficulty experienced in getting proper returns. The nice distinctions of foreign statisticians are impossible." And he adds: "Whoever will consider the almost utter want of apprenticeship in this country, the facility with which pursuits are taken up and abandoned, and the variety and, indeed, seeming incongruity of the numerous industrial offices that are frequently united in one person, will appreciate the force of this argument. . . . The organization of domestic service in the United States is so crude that no distinction whatever can be successfully maintained. A census of occupations, in which the attempt should be made, to reach anything like European completeness in this matter, would result in the return of tens of thousands of 'house-keepers' and hundreds of thousands of 'cooks,' who were simply 'maids of all work,' being the single servants of the families in which they are employed."*

* Remarks on Tables of Occupations, Ninth Census of the United States, Population and Social Statistics, p. 663.

This census gives the total number of women workers, so far as it could be determined, as 1,836,288. Of these, 191,000 were from ten to fifteen years of age; 1,594,783, from sixteen to fifty-nine, and 50,404, sixty years and over, the larger proportion of the latter division being given as engaged in agricultural employments.

In the first period of age, females pursuing gainful occupations are to males as one to three; in the second, one to six, and in the third, one to twelve. The actual increase over the numbers given in the census for 1860 is 1,551,288. The reasons for this almost incredible variation have already been suggested, and their operation became even stronger in the interval between that of 1870 and 1880. By this time methods were far more skilful and returns more minute, and thus the figures are to be accepted with more confidence than was possible with the earlier ones. The factory system, extending into almost every trade, brought about more and more differentiation of occupations, some two hundred of which were by 1880 open to women.

Comparing the rates of increase, during the period between 1860 and 1870, women wage-earners had increased 19 per cent, the increase for men being but 6.97. Among the women, 6.7-10 per cent were engaged in agriculture, 33.4-10 in personal service, 7.3-10 in trade and transportation, and 16.5-10 in manufactures. In 1880 women engaged in gainful occupations formed 5.28-100 of the total population, and 14.68-100 of females over ten years of age. The present rate is not yet * determined, but, while figures will not be accessible for certainly another year, it is stated definitely that the increase will indicate nearer ten than five per cent.

The total number employed is given for this census as 2,647,157. The occupations are divided into four classes: first, agriculture; second, professional and personal services; third, trade and transportation; fourth, manufactures, mechanical and mining industries. In agriculture, 594,510 women were at work; in professional and personal services, this including domestic service, 1,361,295; trade and transportation, this including shop girls, etc., had 59,364; while 631,988 were engaged in the last division of manufacturing, etc. Of girls from ten to fifteen years of age, agriculture had 135,862; professional and personal services, 107,830;

* October 27, 1890.

trade, 2,547, and manufacturing, etc., 46,930. From sixteen to fifty-nine years of age there were in agriculture 485,920; in professional and personal services, 1,215,189; trade and transportation, 54,849; and manufacturing, etc., 577,157. From sixty years and upward the four classes were divided as follows: Agriculture, 22,728; professional, etc., 38,276; trade, etc., 1,968, and manufacturing, etc., 7,901.

Even for this record numbers must be added, since many women work at home and make no return of the trade they have chosen, while many others are held by pride from admitting that they work at all. But the addition of a hundred thousand for the entire country would undoubtedly cover this discrepancy in full, nor are these numbers too large, though it is impossible to more than approximate them.

Suggestive as these figures are, they are still more so when we come to their apportionment to states. They become then a history of the progress of trades, and women's share in them, and a glance enables one to determine the proportion employed in each. In the table which follows, industries are condensed under a general head, no mention being made of the many sub-divisions, each ranking as a trade, but going to make up the business as a whole. It is the result of statistics taken in fifty of the principal cities, and includes only those industries in which women have largest share.*

	Total Number.	Per Cent of Males.	Per Cent of Females.	Children.
Book Binding	10,612	4,831	4,553	616
Carpet Weaving	20,371	4,900	4,207	833
Men's Clothing	160,813	4,801	5,037	159
Women's Clothing	25,192	1,030	8,833	137
Cotton Goods	185,472	3,457	4,914	1,629
Men's Furnishing Goods	11,174	1,140	8,500	300
Hosiery and Knitting	28,885	2,002	6,130	1,268
Millinery and Lace	25,687	1,120	8,637	243
Shirts	6,555	1,481	8,000	518
Silk and Silk Goods	31,337	2,992	5,232	1,776
Straw Goods	10,948	2,991	6,850	154
Tobacco	32,756	4,544	3,200	2,166
Umbrellas and Canes	3,608	4,169	5,152	679
Woollen Goods	86,504	54,544	3,395	1,174
Worsted Goods	18,800	5,431	5,038	1,540

* The table is copied with minute care from that given in the last census; and while it shows one or two deficiencies, the writer is in no sense responsible for them, its accuracy, as a whole, not being affected by the slight discrepancy referred to.

In obtaining these averages it was found necessary to equalize the returns of Pittsburg and Philadelphia, the former having but 4.55 per cent of women workers, while Philadelphia had 31. This resulted from the fact that the industries of Philadelphia are manufacturing of textiles and other goods, which employ women chiefly; while Pittsburg has principally iron and steel mills. New York was found to have 31 per cent of women workers; Lowell, Mass., had 47.42, and Manchester, N. H., 53, Pittsburg and Wilmington, Del., having the lowest percentage.

The gain of women in trades over the census of 1870 was sixty-four per cent, the total percentage of women workers for the whole country being forty-nine. The ten years just ended show a still larger percentage, and many of the trades, which a decade since still hesitated to admit women, are now open, those regarded as most peculiarly the province of men having received many feminine recruits. These isolated or scattered instances hardly belong here, and are mentioned simply as indications of the general trend. Wise or unwise, experiment is the order of the day, its principal service in many cases being to test untried powers, and break down barriers, built up often by mere tradition, and not again to rise till women themselves decide when and where.

Taking states in their alphabetical order, the census of 1880 gives the number of working women for each as follows:—

Alabama, 124,056.	New Jersey, 66,776.
Arkansas, 30,616.	New York, 300,381.
California, 28,200.	North Carolina, 86,976.
Colorado, 4,779.	Ohio, 112,639.
Connecticut, 48,670.	Oregon, 2,779.
Delaware, 7,928.	Pennsylvania, 216,980.
Florida, 17,781.	Rhode Island, 29,859.
Georgia, 152,322.	South Carolina, 120,087.
Illinois, 106,101.	Tennessee, 56,408.
Indiana, 51,422.	Texas, 58,943.
Iowa, 44,845.	Vermont, 16,167.
Kansas, 54,422.	West Virginia, 11,508.
Louisiana, 95,052.	Wisconsin, 46,395.
Maine, 33,528.	Arizona, 471.
Massachusetts, 174,183.	Dakota, 2,851.
Michigan, 55,013.	District of Columbia, 10,658.
Minnesota, 25,077.	Idaho, 291.
Mississippi, 110,416.	Montana, 507.
Missouri, 62,943.	New Mexico, 2,262.
Nebraska, 10,455.	Utah, 2,877.
Nevada, 403.	Washington Territory, 1,060.
New Hampshire, 30,128.	Wyoming, 464.

LABOR BUREAUS AND THEIR WORK IN RELATION TO
WOMEN.

The difficulties encountered by the enumerators of the United States Census, and the growing conviction that much more minute and organized effort must be given if the real status of women workers was to be obtained, had already been matter of grave discussion. The labor question pressed upon all who looked below the surface of affairs, and very shortly after the census of 1860 a proposition was made in Boston to establish there a formal bureau of labor, whose business should be to fill in all the blanks that in the general work were passed over.

Many facts, all pointing to the necessity of some such organization, lay before the men who pondered the matter — factory abuses of many orders, the startling increase of pauperism and crime, with other causes which can find small space here. With difficulty consent was obtained to establish a bureau which should inquire into the causes of all this, and the first report was given to the public in 1870. It was descriptive rather than statistical, and necessarily so. Methods were still a matter of question and experiment. The public had small interest in the project, and it was essential to outline, not only the work to be done, but the reasons for its need.

Naturally, then, the volume touched upon many abuses: Children in factories, and the factory system as a whole; the homes of workers, and their needs in sanitary and other directions; and toward the end a few pages of special comment on the hard lives of working women as a whole.

The report for 1871 followed the same lines, giving more detail to each. That for 1872 took up various phases of women's work,* with some of the general conditions then existing. For the following year elaborate tables of the cost of living were given, and are invaluable as matters of reference; and in 1874 came a no less important contribution to social science in the report on the "Homes of Working People." Those of working women were of course included, but there was still no description of many of the conditions known to hedge them about. Each inquiry, however, turned attention more and more in this direction, and

* Report for 1872, pp. 59-106.

emphasized the need of some work given exclusively to women workers.

In 1875 attention was directed to the health of working women, and a portion of the report was devoted to the special effects of certain forms of employment upon the health of women,* the education of children, the conditions of families, etc. That for 1876 discussed the question of wives' earnings, and gave tables of what proportion they made; and 1877 took up "Pauperism and Crime," in the growing amount of which it was claimed by many that the worker had large share.

In 1878 large space was given to education and the work of the young, for whom the half-time system was urged. The conjugal condition of wives and mothers was also considered, and the bearing of their work upon the home. The financial distress of the period had affected wages, and the report for 1879 considered the effect of this with the condition of the "unemployed," the tramp question, and other phases of the problem. With 1880 and the ending of the first decade of work in this direction came a fuller report on the social life of working men and the divorces in Massachusetts; 1881 made a plea for uniform hours, and 1882 was devoted to wages, prices, and profits, and further details of the life of operatives within their homes, and 1883 found reason again to go over the question of wages and prices.

I have given this detail because, when one views the work of the bureau as a whole, it will be seen that each year formed one step toward the final result, which has been of most vital bearing upon all since accomplished in the same direction for women. Until the appearance of the report for 1884, on the "Working Girls of Boston," there had been no absolute and authoritative knowledge as to their lives, their earnings, and their status as a whole. Their numbers were equally unknown, nor was there interest in their condition, save here and there among special students of social science. On the other hand there was a popular impression that the ranks of prostitution were recruited from the manufactory, and that a certain stigma necessarily rested upon the factory worker and, indeed, upon working girls as a class.

Six divisions had been found essential to the thorough

* Report for 1875, pp. 67-112.

handling of the subject, and these divisions have formed the basis of all work since done in the same lines, whether in state bureaus, or in that of the United States, soon to find mention here. It was under the direction of Colonel Carroll D. Wright that the Massachusetts Bureau did its careful and scientific work, and he represents the most valuable labor in this direction that the country has had, deserving to rank in this matter, as Tench Coxe still does in the manufacturing system, the "Father" of the labor-bureau system.

The six divisions settled upon as essential to any general system of reports were as follows:—

1. Social Condition.
2. Occupations, Places in which Employed.
3. Hours of Labor, Time Lost, etc.
4. Physical and Sanitary Condition.
5. Economic Condition.
6. Moral Condition.

The Tenth Census of the United States gave the number of women employed in the city of Boston as thirty-eight thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, twenty thousand of whom were in occupations other than domestic service. Each year, as we have already seen, had touched more and more nearly upon the facts bound up in their lives, but it had become necessary to determine with an accuracy that could not be brought in question precisely the facts given under the six headings.

To the surprise of the special agents detailed for this work, who had anticipated disagreeables of every order, the girls themselves took the liveliest interest in the matter, answered questions freely, and gave every facility for the fullest searching into each phase involved. American girls were found to form but 22.3 per cent of the whole number of working women in Massachusetts, of whom but 58.4 per cent had been born in that state.

The results reached in this report may be regarded as a summary, not only of conditions for Boston, but for all the large manufacturing towns of New England, later inquiry justifying this conclusion.

The average age of working girls was found to be 24.81 years, and the average at which they began work 16.81. The average time actually at work 7.49 years, and the average number of occupations followed 178, the time spent in each

being 4.43 years. Of the whole, 85 per cent were found to do their own housework and sewing, either wholly or in part.

But 22 per cent were allowed any vacation, and but 3.9 per cent received pay during that time, the average vacation being 1.87 weeks. A little over 26 per cent work the full year without loss of time, while an average of 12.32 weeks is lost by 73 per cent. The average time worked by all during the year was 42.95 weeks. In personal service 26.5 per cent work more than ten hours a day; in trade, 19.5 per cent were so employed, and in manufactures 5.6 per cent. In all occupations 8.9 per cent work more than ten hours a day, and 8.6 per cent more than sixty hours a week.

In the matter of health 76.2 per cent of the whole number employed were in good health.

The average weekly earnings for the average time employed, 42.95 weeks, was \$6.01, and the average weekly earnings of all the working girls of Boston for a whole year were 4.91. The average weekly income, including earnings, assistance, and income from extra work done by many, was \$5.17 a year.

The average yearly income from all sources was \$269.70, and the average yearly expenses for positive needs \$261.30, leaving but \$7.77, on the average, as a margin for books, amusements, etc. Those making savings are 11 per cent of the whole, their average savings being \$72.15 per year. A few run in debt, the average debt being \$36.60 for the less than 3 per cent incurring debt.

Of the total average yearly expenses, these percentages being based upon the law laid down by Dr. Engels of Prussia, as to percentage of expenses belonging to subsistence, 63 per cent must be expended for food and lodging, and 25 per cent for clothing, a total of 88 per cent of total expenses for subsistence and clothing, leaving but 12 per cent of total expense to be distributed to the other needs of living.

These are, briefly summed up, the results of the investigation, in which the single workers constituted 88.9 of the whole, and the married but 6 per cent, widows making up the number. It is impossible in these limits to give further detail on these points, all readers being referred to the report itself.

The same questions that had first sought answer in New

England were even more pressing in New York. As in most subjects of deep popular or scientific importance, the sense of need for more data by which to judge seemed in the air, and already the Labor Bureau of the State of New York, under the efficient guidance of Mr. Charles F. Peck, had begun a course of inquiries of the same nature. For years, beginning with the *New York Tribune*, in the days when Margaret Fuller worked for it and touched at times upon social questions, always in the mind of Horace Greeley, its founder, there had been periodical stirs of feeling in behalf of sewing women. It was known that the enormous influx of foreign labor, naturally massed at this point, more than could ever be possible elsewhere, had brought with it evils suspected, but still not yet defined in any sense to be trusted. Indications on the surface were seriously bad, but actual investigation had never tested their nature or degree. The report of the bureau for 1885, which was given to the public in 1886, met with a degree of interest and study not usually accorded these volumes, and roused public feeling to an unexpected extent.

Mr. Peck brought to the work much the same order of interest that had marked that of Colonel Wright, and wrote in his introduction to the report the summary of the situation for New York City:—

“By reason of its immense population, its numerous and extensive manufactures, its wealth, its poverty, and general cosmopolitan character, New York City presents a field for investigation into the subject of ‘Working Women, their Trades, Wages, Home and Social Conditions,’ unequalled by any other centre of population in America. It opens up a wider and more diversified field for inquiry, study, and classification of the various industries in which women seek employment, than can be found even in European cities, with but few if any exceptions. It is for such reasons that the inquiry of the bureau into this special subject has been largely confined to the city named.”

Two hundred and forty-seven trades are given in this report, in which some two hundred thousand women were found to be engaged, this being exclusive of domestic service. The divisions of the subject were substantially those adopted by the Massachusetts Bureau, but the numbers and complexity of conditions made the inquiry far more difficult. Its

results and their bearings will find place later on. It is sufficient now to say that the two may be regarded as summarizing all phases of work for women, and as an index to the difficulties at all other points in the country.

The Bureau of Labor for Connecticut sent out its first report in the same year, 1885, and included investigations and statistics in the same lines, though for reasons specified, in much more limited degree. That for 1886 for the same state took up in detail some points in regard to the work of both women and children, which, for want of both time and space, had been omitted in the first, their returns coinciding in all important particulars with those of the other bureaus.

In 1886 the California Bureau of Labor touched the same points, but only incidentally, in its general analysis of the labor question. In the following year, however, the report covering the years 1887 and '88 took up the question under the same aspects as those handled in the special reports on this topic, and gave full treatment of the wages, lives, and general conditions for working women. It included, also, the facts, so far as they could be ascertained, of the nature, wages, and conditions of domestic service in California, the first attempt at treating this difficult subject with any accuracy. The apprentice system, and an important chapter on manual training and its bearings make this report one of the most valuable, from the social point of view, that has been given, though where all are invaluable it is hard to characterize one above another.

Mr. Tobin, for California, and Mr. Hutchins, for Iowa, seemed moved at the same time in much the same way, the Iowa report for 1887 treating the many questions involved with that largeness which has thus far distinguished work in this direction. Kansas, in the report for 1888, gave general conditions, women being treated incidentally; and Minnesota, in the report for the years 1887 and 1888, gave a chapter on working women, wages, etc.

Colorado followed, giving in the report for 1887 and 1888, under the management of Commissioner Rice, a chapter on women wage-workers, in which space is given to certified complaints of the women themselves, as to what they consider the disabilities of their special trades. Domestic service, with some of its abuses, was also considered, and is of

much value. These reports sum up the work so far done in the West, where labor bureaus are of recent growth. The spirit of inquiry is, however, equally alive, and each year will see minuter detail and a deeper scientific spirit.

Maine, in the report for 1888, took up many questions of general interest, with their incidental bearings on the work of women; and in 1889 came another report from Kansas, in which the labor commissioner, Mr. Frank Betton, gave large space to an investigation conducted under many difficulties, but covering the ground very fully.

With this background of admirable work always, no matter what might be the limitations, making each report a little broader in purpose and minuter in detail, the way was plain for something even more comprehensive. This was furnished by the Bureau of Labor of the United States, which had changed name, and become in June, 1887, the Department of Labor, a part of the Department of the Interior. This report, the fourth from the bureau, and issued in 1888, was entitled "Working Women in Large Cities," and included investigations made in twenty-two, from Boston to San Francisco and San José.

All that long experience had demonstrated as most important in such work was brought to bear. The investigation covered manual labor in cities, excluding textile industries, save incidentally as these had already been treated, as well as domestic service. Textile factories are usually outside of large cities, and it was the object to discover the opportunities of employment in the way of manual labor in cities themselves.

Three hundred and forty-three distinct industries showed themselves, and others were found which were not included, it being safe to say that some four hundred may be considered open to women. As before stated, many are simply subdivisions, made by the constantly increasing complexity of machinery. The agents of the department carried their work into the lowest and worst places in the cities named, because in such places are to be found women who are struggling for a livelihood in most respectable callings, living in them as a matter of necessity, since they cannot afford to live otherwise, but leaving them whenever wages are sufficient to admit of change.

It is this report which forms the summary of all the work

that has preceded it, and that gives the truest exponent of all present conditions. It is only necessary to add to it the summaries of the state reports at other points, to see the aspect of the question as a whole; and thus we are ready to consider by its aid the general rates of wages and of the status of the trades of every nature in which women are now engaged.

THE SUPREMACY OF REASON IN RELIGION.

BY REV. T. E. ALLEN.

THE present is a time of theological unrest. Here there is talk of revising a creed, and there complaint that some of the clergy of a great sect are too latitudinarian in thought, or disposed to treat some of the rules of its discipline as a dead letter. These are among the more obvious indications of the ferment now working in our churches.

The human mind swings pendulum-like between the two extremes of dogmatism and scepticism. This oscillation is essential to growth. Happy is he who has learned the law! Few experiences of life, however, are more tragic than the process of outgrowing one's first religious dogmatism. "Why cannot he be satisfied to believe in the good old way?" is the thought of many friends who stand, as they believe, upon the enduring rock of truth, upon the rock which alone prevents them from falling—they shrink from thinking where, or for how long. And yet—"He that hath ears to hear, let him hear"—with the partisanship of thought, as we now know it, scepticism is the indispensable fire which melts the metal of dogmatism, and permits it to be recast in fairer form. Let us ask, then, are Christian sects justified in holding their present views of the authority of the Bible, the Church, tradition and creeds, or must the searcher for truth look elsewhere for the real "seat of authority"? Has the sceptre been wielded by the lawful king, or is it in the hands of an usurper who must be dethroned?

If you wish to communicate anything to a child, you must do so in terms of his past experience; this necessity is imposed upon you by the nature of the mind. Applying this thought, we may suppose—though we cannot conceive the manner—that the universe might appeal to us in forty ways, through corresponding senses or faculties, of which we have no knowledge whatever. But if the universe is *actually* to affect us, it must do so through the channels of intuition which the mind possesses, or which may at some future time change from a latent to an active state; and the universe, so far as we are not so sensitive to it, is as much a

blank as color to the blind man. For us it does not exist; it is impossible even to imagine what it might be like, since the scope of the imagination is limited by the materials supplied by experience.

First-hand knowledge is acquired in this manner: First, intuition furnishes the materials for concepts; that is, for general notions, as of horse, not the image of a particular horse, but a notion which includes all horses and excludes everything else; second, judgments are formed by joining concepts affirmatively and negatively, as, for example, "All horses are quadrupeds," and "No stones are animals"; and third, in the act of reasoning, the reason, being supplied with a certain stock of judgments, is limited; (*a*), in the process of deduction, to the statement of all the propositions which *must* be true, and to the declaring of any given proposition, true, false, or, through lack of experience, doubtful; and (*b*), in the process of induction, to the formation of universal propositions from judgments. Induction is also of value in calculating the probability of a particular result where two or more alternatives are involved.

Keeping this exposition of reason before us, let us discuss the possible relations of revelation, aided by the following

TABULAR VIEW.

REVELATION: Possible Relations to Reason.

A. Direct relations: —

1. Inconsistent with reason.
2. Above, but not inconsistent with reason.
3. Subject to reason.

B. Indirect relations: binding upon reason because: —

4. Revealed through a person possessing certain characteristics.
5. Accompanying particular emotional states, etc.
6. Received from an infallible source.

1. Is reason bound to accept as true a revelation inconsistent with its own conclusions, to reject it as false, or may there be a third alternative? Being inconsistent, the revelation must be contradictory or contrary to the affirmation of reason, whence it follows — under the doctrine of opposition of propositions, as laid down in every elementary text-book upon logic — that reason *must* declare the revelation false, since of contradictory propositions, one must be true, and the other false; while of contrary propositions, both can-

not be true, whence if reason affirm one to be true, the other must be false. Under the hypothesis, no third case is possible; the mere acceptance of one involves an unconditional rejection of the other from which the laws of thought preclude the possibility of escape.

After speaking of the many religious men who "try to allay their disquietude and to silence their doubts by the device of treating reason and revelation as entirely independent authorities," Dr. John Caird of the University of Glasgow says: "The human spirit is not a thing divided against itself so that faith and reason can subsist side by side in the same mind, each asserting as absolute principles which are contradicted by the other. If it were so, then either there must be a higher umpire than both to decide between them, or thought and knowledge are reduced to chaos. For, in the first place, we must have rational grounds for the acceptance of a supernatural revelation. It must verify its right to teach authoritatively. Reason must be competent to judge, if not of the content, at least of the credentials, of revelation. But an authority proving by reason its right to teach irrationally is an impossible conception. The authority which appeals to reason in proof of its rights commits itself, so to speak, to be essentially rational. To prove to reason a right to set reason at defiance is self-contradictory, inasmuch as the proof itself must be one of the things to which that right extends. . . . The attempt therefore to maintain an unreal equilibrium between faith and reason — between a reverence which accepts, and an intelligence which rejects, the same things — can only issue in one of two results, practical unbelief or the violent suppression of doubt. No adjustment of the difference can be satisfactory save an adjustment *in thought*. Either the doctrines of positive religion must be shown to be in harmony with reason, or, at least, reason must be silent as to their truth or falsehood. Thought must, with intelligent insight, pronounce for them; or it must be shown why, from their very nature, thought can pronounce neither for nor against them." *

2. Of one who should claim that the content of a revelation is above reason, we might well ask, "How do you know?" This statement implies that he has passed beyond the limits of human reason, and that in this new realm he

* "An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion," Chap. III. Macmillan and Co.

has met with a something other than reason, which certifies the truth of the revelation. We must request the advocate of this view to present in detail the facts of his psychological experience upon which he bases the assertion; for we confess total ignorance either of any personal experience, or of the testimony of others going to show that there is such a realm.

It would readily be granted, upon the other hand, that a body of teaching intended to be a revelation to humanity must not only be susceptible of being stated in words which have previously acquired a meaning in the minds of those whom it is designed to benefit, but must actually be so stated. Ultimately, only experience can transform a word from a meaningless symbol to a vehicle of intelligence. Since, then, the jurisdiction of reason is already co-extensive with intuition, if it be possible for man to possess a knowledge above reason, when this is expressed in language, it is in all respects as flexible to the manipulation of reason as any other material which can be presented to the mind. There is, then, no means whatever of discovering that a proposition rightfully belongs to this super-rational domain, and that it ought, therefore, to be set aside, either as unfit for assimilation with others, or as destined, if employed, to fatally vitiate the common reasoning process. The hypothesis under consideration must, consequently, be rejected root and branch, or we must concede that a doubt has been thrown upon all knowledge, which no process of verification or revision can remove.

Says Dr. Caird, "We know of no other reason than one, and what can never be brought into coherence with that reason is to us equivalent to the absurd or self-contradictory. . . . To make it an argument in favor of any doctrines that they are not contrary to reason, they must belong to the province of that reason to which they are not opposed. To be not contrary to *our* reason proves nothing for doctrines which, by supposition, belong to a different order of reason, and which may, for aught we know, be contrary to that."*

3. A revelation is a communication of intelligence to man, and, as such, can gain admission to the mind only in so far as it conforms to the laws which dominate its operation. It is received under the same laws and upon the same terms as any other matter which appeals to the intel-

* *Ibid.*

lect. If, judged upon its inherent merits, it be found true, it should be accepted; if false, it should be rejected.

The question next arises whether there is any indirect method by which the mind can be forced to accept what reason has pronounced false. Upon the very threshold of the inquiry, the great objection confronts us that if there were, there would be presented the spectacle of intellectual suicide, of reason divided against itself, by denying through one of its processes what it affirmed through another. Ignoring this, however, let us examine the question more in detail.

4. We may be told that the exalted character, the moral elevation of the revelator, is an all-sufficient guarantee of the truth of the revelation, whatever the relation of its content to reason. Granting this to be plausible, — for the sake of the argument, — in case of the moral perfection of the revelator, no one is competent to declare any human being perfect, and therefore no one can, in this manner, make it obligatory upon us to receive a revelation as true. On the other hand, if a person imperfect morally can properly be accepted as the guarantor of a revelation, it is incumbent upon one who maintains this view to present the chain of reasoning which — when the revelator has reached a defined moral altitude — will make us see clearly that such a person can enunciate only unalloyed truth. But this is impossible; the necessary connection of moral character and the capacity for revealing truth here implied, is assumed; it has never been proved.

5. The same line of argument will exclude emotional states, strong convictions *per se*, though they lead a man to the stake, and the more or less artificially discriminated "Christian consciousness" as the guarantors of the integrity of revelations. None of these, usurping the place of reason, can decide upon the truth or falsity of a proposition, or impose it upon the mind by an indirect process.

6. It may be said that we are bound to accept a revelation because it came from God, because the source is infallible. A revelation received upon authority, with no attempt at verification, could, *a priori*, have as its source — disregarding the mundane relation of man to man — either (a) Infinite Intelligence or (b) finite intelligence.

a. Truth may be communicated by God to man. According to current thought, revelation is limited to this. Under

the theistic conception of the universe, we look upon certain principles in the Divine Mind as the fundamental data with which all phenomena must harmonize. We do not think, therefore, of God as existing under the necessity of verifying his knowledge by an induction from particular manifestations.

b. Truth may be communicated to man by invisible, finite intelligences. It is difficult to see how those who maintain the plenary inspiration of the Bible, and appeal so confidently to texts as conclusive proof, can evade the force of such passages as that wherein Saul, with the aid of the woman of Endor, talked with Samuel. On the other hand, I submit that the mass of testimony recorded within the last fifty years—to go no further back—makes out a *prima facie* case in favor of the probability of such communion, of such strength that the advocates of the inductive study of the Bible, to say nothing of the scientists, are not justified in scornfully brushing aside the so-called spiritualistic phenomena without investigation. Much remains to be done, it is true, before the average truth-seeker can feel satisfied as to the chief facts and their explanation; but, nevertheless, after making all reasonable deductions, this hypothesis is, in my judgment, entitled to a respectful hearing in the courts of philosophy, theology, and science. All lovers of the truth should rejoice in the work of the Society for Psychical Research and of the recently-formed American Psychical Society, as efforts to solve problems which have baffled many minds, and which stand in very important relations to rational theology. Again, so long as immortality is emphasized as a prominent teaching of Christianity, it must be conceded that it carries with it a presumption, be it stronger or weaker, that communion between the so-called dead and the living is possible.

A man who believes himself the recipient of a revelation, has no means whatever of identifying the communicating mind as infinite. Will an accompanying emotional state or strong conviction do this? No. Is the statement, "I, the Supreme Mind of the universe, say this to you," sufficient? No. *A priori*, there are two ways in which we might know God to be the *immediate* source of the revelation: first, negatively, through the exclusion of all finite causes, thus leaving the one Infinite Cause as the only adequate one; and second, positively, through a consciousness, along with the

revelation, of contact with a Being whose attributes are intuitively perceived to transcend finite limitations. As to the former, it may be said that there is no way of excluding finite sources. For, either a given portion of a revelation is susceptible of being understood by man or it is not. If the one, then a finite source could communicate what man can comprehend, and if the other, then, by hypothesis, it is not a revelation at all, since it can reveal nothing. Concerning the latter, it must be affirmed that as the consciousness of such attributes is impossible to man, the conclusion "This revelation comes immediately from God" is unwarranted. Mark, however, that these statements in no sense amount to a denial of the existence of God. Our belief in him and as to his attributes is founded upon an induction coextensive with all knowledge, and growing in strength with every addition thereto.

In view of the foregoing argument, when the whole fabric of Christianity is based upon the assumption of a revelation, when revelation is, confessedly, a communication between intelligent beings, and when, *a priori*, the source may be either finite or infinite, how comes it that the finite source is so persistently tabooed as unworthy of the barest mention, to say nothing of serious consideration? From the standpoint of an inductive study of Christianity, the neglect of this alternative is one of the most colossal errors of ecclesiasticism throughout the centuries, and ere many years will so be recognized by the philosophical student of religion.

I have striven to show, by an analysis of the chief positions for which my opponents could contend, that the "seat of authority" in religion is occupied by reason, and not by revelation. It follows, then,—if the foregoing argument be conclusive,—that the Bible, because a revelation; that "faith," the church, creeds, tradition, the revelations claimed for the occupant of the papal chair—that *all* of these, having their sole ultimate sources in reason and revelation, are subordinate to reason.

Let those who here find their cherished convictions controverted, and who feel that the reasoning, while it may have torn down, has done nothing towards rebuilding, reflect that the facts and laws of the universe remain precisely as they were; that the only change produced, if any, is in our interpretation of the realities of spirit and matter. I

am impressed that there is profound significance in the conclusions reached, that reason is the only court of appeal for finite beings, and that they are debarred from knowing that a given revelation was, in a strict sense, *immediately* communicated to man by God.

Is there not a flaw in the intellectual integrity of the man who must keep his science and his religion in "separate, compartments"? Is the universe a house divided against itself? Is not the thought more inspiring, and the postulate more fruitful, when we assume, as the point of departure for philosophy and theology, that the totality of matter, force, and spirit is essentially one, its parts correlated? From this standpoint we shall see, I think — can we, for the nonce, but free ourselves from our dogmatisms — that this unity in the universe itself demands a single supreme authority in the mind of man, and, as the ideal, a complete harmony between science and the Word of God. But which of the statements contained in a revelation, some irreconcilable one with another, others inconsistent with reason — which of these *are* words of God? My answer is, truth is one, every true word is of God, *is God's word*, whether flashed into the mind of a Jesus, a Paul, a Buddha, a Socrates, or one of thousands of lesser lights, by the Supreme Mind, a finite spirit, or a brother in the flesh. And, conversely, not the affirmations of unnumbered millions of devotees can suffice to make true a revelation repugnant to reason and erroneously assumed to be God's word! My contention is, not that man has no revelation from God, — for every *true* word is such a revelation, since he is the source of all that is, — but that we have not the capacity to determine that a given revelation had God as its *proximate* source.

Science knows her fallibility. Revelation also must be brought to *her* knees.

As I read the riddle, God intended that man in his spiritual maturity should ground his life upon knowledge, that his appeal should come more and more to be to the sources of knowledge, less and more cautiously to authority as such, and that the enslavement of man in all of his relations through authority shall decrease with ignorance. Harmonizing with these aims, the key-note of twentieth-century theology is to be — or call me no prophet — GOD SPEAKS TO MAN SOLELY THROUGH HIS REASON.

FORESHADOWINGS.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

COULD even a moiety of those authentic psychic experiences which often occur among intelligent persons be noted, the annual record would be both large and of transcendent value. That these experiences seldom see the light, is owing to a variety of causes which it is not now necessary to explain. It is sufficient that all mention of cognate subjects is usually avoided, even by those deeply interested in them. Yet, thanks to the efforts of those brave enough to enter this particular domain, such reserve is gradually growing less.

For obvious reasons the names of all parties who are either agents or witnesses of what is here related must be kept from the public; but to the editor of *THE ARENA* are confided their full addresses. These persons, exceptional in point of character and intelligence, are to-day living in or near New York; and concerning their united testimony there can be no cavil.

The lady whose previsions are narrated, a New Englander by birth and rearing, inherited positive convictions against the possibility of modern prophecy; in fact, against the possibility of all psychic phenomena. She is of a nervous mental temperament, but she also possesses much native scepticism and coolness of judgment, and it was after many repetitions of apparent "coincidences" that she was forced to believe that there is an innate power of prevision in the human soul.

Having known her intimately for many years, I am a witness to the truth of her experiences. Among them are the following:—

During the winter of 188— there frequently met in a dwelling-house in East — Street, New York (where Mrs. A, as we will call her, then resided with her husband), a company of friends belonging to a benevolent association. There were seven altogether, all women, and upon such

terms of intimacy that Mrs. A freely expressed to the others any foreshadowing which fell upon her sensitive nature.

During the entire session she was haunted by the apprehension that a serious accident was about to befall some elderly man, in or about the back portion of the dwelling. In regard to its nature or cause she could foresee nothing. In speaking of the matter a shuddering dread took possession of her, and I often saw her put her hands before her face as if to hide a painful scene.

"It will be a dreadful fall," said she. "I do not see how it can be averted. Nor do I understand how I know it will take place. I only feel it must be."

As there were two elderly men then in the house, it might be supposed that one of these would be the victim. Not so. Of that she was equally as certain as that it would take place.

Time passed; early spring vied with late winter, yet nothing unusual happened. One day there was a thaw, accompanied by a heavy rain, followed by a sharp frost. Snow lay upon the ground; the gutters of the dwelling in which Mrs. A resided overflowed and were hung with icicles. To remove these and clear the clogged spout running from the rear roof, an employe of the lessee of the house offered to ascend a ladder and cut away the ice with a hatchet.

The man was over sixty years of age. He had had large experience in mounting ladders; was intelligent, cautious, and competent to do the work. He was advised not to ascend the ladder and urged to be careful.

He gayly replied, ascended to the roof of the third story rear, and began his work. In spite of care the ladder slipped. In vain the unfortunate man clutched for support. With a dull thud he was precipitated upon the stone area. An ambulance was summoned. He was carried to the hospital, where, a few hours later, he died without having regained consciousness. Mrs. A, at the time, was in the dwelling, but knew nothing of what had happened, until the ambulance bore him away. The foreshadowed accident took place with no warning at the critical moment.

It should be said, however, that, with Mrs. A, prevision comes in hours of passivity, and generally when in the society of one or more congenial friends.

Another and pleasanter prevision has just been fulfilled.

Ten years ago Mrs. A had as a neighbor a young girl, exquisite in character and in person, between whom and herself existed great mutual sympathy. One day the mother of Adele, as we will designate her, visited Mrs. A, and in the course of a conversation concerning the daughter, Mrs. A had a glimpse of the future of her girlish friend.

"She will, in due time, marry a foreigner," said she to the mother, "a man much her senior. He is highly educated, refined, and a noble man in every regard. He wears a uniform, and must be an officer in some continental army. The marriage will be the union of soul with soul. There seems to be between them an attachment as unusual as it is beautiful."

More conversation about the unknown followed, mingled with expressions of astonishment and incredulity from the mother, and the matter was dropped.

What followed seems like romance. There is ample proof that it is real.

More than a year elapsed, and the prescient friend was told that Adele had met her destiny. The gentleman had not at once been recognized, because he wore no uniform. But from the first, was perceived that curious and powerful mutual attraction which sometimes instantaneously rises above the superficial conditions of life, and allies souls, so large and tender that neither circumstances nor death itself can dissever them. To the womanly and divine intuitions of Adele, no problem of Euclid was ever more certain than that their souls knew and responded to one another like two instruments tuned to the self-same key.

But no verbal understanding followed, and something kept them apart. That something continued through long years. Adele developed into womanhood with a character exhaling an atmosphere of exquisite sweetness, purity, and pathos. True to the ideal of her heart, she lived apart from the innocent coquetry of youth.

Years still fled, and the two, so strangely drawn together, met not. Finally, one day in walking down Broadway, Adele felt a sudden unaccountable desire to retrace her steps and enter a famous art shop which she had lately passed. It was an apparently whimsical impulse, but who can detect the hidden sources of impulse?

Adele entered the shop, traversed the lower floor without

stopping, and, from the same inexplicable desire, mounted the staircase. There she met face to face with — him.

The acquaintance was renewed, with what ending may be guessed. Bishop D—— officiated at the wedding ceremony, and at its close remarked that he had never been so much impressed by the sacredness of the tie which bound these two persons to one another.

In a letter from the mother of Adele to Mrs. A, who was unavoidably absent from the city, she writes: "You above all others should have been present. To think that you should have foretold all this ten years ago, seems more and more wonderful."

It is noteworthy that the bridegroom has never resigned from the army of his native country, though of course in America he wears only the dress of a civilian. Of this fact Adele was ignorant until long after their first meeting.

One more incident concludes the present record of prevision.

Early in May of the present year Mrs. A met a friend who is much interested in the work of the Society for Psychological Research. He is the head of vast business interests, and she had once made an extremely hurried round of an immense factory under his control. "You have a new span of horses, I believe," said she. "Beware of them!"

"What is the trouble with my new horses?"

"One of them, the 'off' horse, has been frightened and is tricky."

"I have not perceived it."

"You will very soon. The horse will shy and then begin to rear. If he is not carefully handled the carriage will be overturned, and you will be injured. Do not attempt to use him; he is not safe."

"Very well. We'll see about it. Anything else?"

"Yes; there is a dangerous place in the upper portion of the long room of your factory. (Here she designated the room and the particular corner to which his attention ought to be directed.) Something overhead is about to give way. I cannot see what it is. But if it is not attended to, the machinery will be injured by something falling, and the lives of your workmen will be endangered."

The gentleman did not attend either to the horses or to the weak spot in the factory.

These foreshadowings were given on Monday. On the succeeding Thursday, while riding behind his new span of horses, the "off" horse shied, and then both began to run. Only the promptness and dexterity of the coachman averted the overturning of the vehicle and all the concomitants of a serious runaway accident.

Thinking of the unheeded warning he had received and its near fulfilment, Mr. W entered his office.

Soon appeared the foreman of the factory with an urgent request that Mr. W should visit the long room which had been described by Mrs. A.

There he found, in the designated corner, a huge beam split in such a manner as to make destruction imminent, not only to the machinery, but to the lives of the men at work underneath. Strangely enough, the two predictions, given together, were together discovered to be true.

These are only three incidents out of many in my portfolio which are as well authenticated as any facts proven in a court of justice. If human testimony is worth anything, it establishes the truth that, often "coming events cast their shadows before."

Who is wise enough to limit or define the power of the individual soul, when, freed from the shackles of grossest matter, it meets and mingles with universal soul, in which is contained all that has ever been or shall ever be?

"THE MINORITY."

BY GOTTFRID E. HULT.

'Tis so the multitude of mole-hills cry
To single mountain-peaks that pierce the sky;
The myriad shells a like derision hurl
At that lone one, whose bosom hides the pearl;
So laugh the glowworms through the hours of dew,
When only one pale star is in the blue;
So sneer the teeming weeds with cold disdain
For solitary stems of golden grain;
And Wrong, with lips of scorn and obloquy,
Cries tauntingly to Right: "Minority!"

Who form this scorned Minority, uncouth?
It is the Magi seeking new-born Truth,
Whom the Majority, with fear and hate,
Is ever plotting to exterminate;
The chosen heroes whom we always find
Placed in the van and fighting for mankind;
The sons of God whose blood and tears bedew
Gethsemanes of Progress, who are true
In every moral conflict, and who bring
The world its blessings through their suffering.

Though manacled and pinioned by their age,
And blasted by her thunderbolts of rage;
Though made the victims of a church and state
That flung alike the vitriol of hate;
Though at their every act the cruel world
Her lip in scorn and bitter hatred curled,
And when of human betterment they dreamt,
They woke to pointing fingers of contempt;
Though living on a crust made moist with tears,
And never eaten save with boding fears;
Though robed in tatters stained by age and mire,
While Falsehood brushed them by in silk attire;
Though oft in the arena of their thought
Hope and Despair like gladiators fought;
Though jeoparding their lives in fire and flood,
And purpling scaffolds with their ruddy blood:
Yet firm they stood, and in the hour of need
Their arms unpalsied wrought the crowning deed;
Their lips unblanched breathed forth the burning word
That Truth, unseen, applauded as she heard;

Their fearless feet trod paths of sacrifice,
While sad-eyed Duty smiled in glad surprise —
O lofty spirits of Humanity!
O true and glorious Minority!

In honoring the memory of that soul
Who felt himself beneath divine control,
And braved the horrors of an unplowed main
To toss a world before the feet of Spain —
Should we, the children of the present time,
Not cherish this Minority sublime?
Not pray that through our Age's veins may roll
The precious life-blood of some master-soul?
Not pray for men whose hands drop noble deeds
Unnoticed by the rabble lisping creeds?
Men on whose faces burns the crimson shame
At aught that blots Humanity's fair name?
Men with whose fibres have been braided in
The love of justice and the hate of sin?
Who reverence tradition while they view
With love akin to passion glories new? —
Do not the wide high seas of thought await
That some Columbus come and navigate?
Is all of truth in some old dog-eared book?
May not mankind for coming prophets look?

O Present with the Past before thy view!
If God should send thee great-souled manhood too,
In answer to the prayer: "Thy kingdom come,"
Then crown him not with thorny martyrdom!
Nor give with judgment clouded and amiss
The hemlock first — then apotheosis!
Receive not Mary's Son with taunt and sneer,
Then stain with tears the dead Messiah's bier.

When Time rings down the curtain for our Age,
And other eras come upon the stage,
God grant, O Future, there may ever be
Among Thy people — "The Minority!"

LIFE OF CHARLES DARWIN.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

I.

THE name of Charles Darwin will ever be pre-eminent among the immortal coterie of commanding thinkers who have made the nineteenth century the most notable epoch in the history of scientific thought and attainment. The influence of his careful and patient research and the logical deductions which he gave mankind in his masterly volumes have changed, to a great extent, the current of a world's thought. Not that Darwin alone accomplished this, for never was king surrounded by more loyal knights than was this great man environed by giant thinkers who nobly fought for the thought he sought to establish, against the combined opposition of established religious and scholastic conservatism. But the important fact must not be overlooked that had it not been for the years of patient observation and research, which enabled Mr. Darwin tangibly to demonstrate the truth of many important contested questions, the splendid philosophical presentations of Spencer, the important labors of Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, and other scarcely less vigorous thinkers would have only been sufficient to arouse a fierce war, which even a century might not have settled, in favor of the bold innovators. Hence Mr. Darwin will ever stand as the great apostle of evolutionary thought, vaguely foreshadowed by Buffon, St. Hilaire, and Erasmus Darwin, and boldly outlined by Lamarck. Around his head the storm of conservatism, intolerance, and religious bigotry played. He was sneeringly styled the "monkey man," and his thoughtful observations and deductions, which were the results of more than thirty years of patient research, were wantonly caricatured and distorted by men who above all others should have demanded for them a frank and candid hearing. It is eminently proper, therefore, that by common consent Charles Darwin be assigned the loftiest niche in the temple of evolutionary thought. And yet we must never forget that he was essentially a demonstrator; his mind ever dwelt upon the special—the minute. The broad, philosophical vision of Herbert Spencer was absent in Darwin; and in the nature of the case he could not see, much less develop, the full ethical significance of the truth of which he is the most

illustrious prophet. There is another phase of Darwin's life which renders it peculiarly interesting and helpful. In the man we find one of the noblest types of nineteenth-century life. Darwin the scientist is imposing. Darwin the man is inspiring. The former stimulates the intellect; the latter enriches, by its luminous example, the soul life of all who patiently follow the great *savant* through the long years of invalidism, in which his sweet spirit ever shone resplendent, and his love for truth was an over-mastering passion.

II.

In the life of Charles Darwin we find a striking illustration of the gradual unfolding or evolution of character. In boyhood he was neither bright nor over-burdened with virtue; in his early life we search in vain for any of those luminous scintillations of genius which have characterized the youth of many illustrious persons. Indeed, if we are to rely on the charmingly frank autobiography written for his children, he was a very commonplace boy, generally considered dull, and more or less given to lying, not with a vicious intent, but owing to a youthful desire to create a sensation.

Charles Darwin was not a person who would have shone in any walk of life; indeed, if his father had not been a man of means, and the son had felt compelled to qualify himself for the profession of a physician, as was at first contemplated, or if he had entered the ministry of the Church of England, for which he was afterward partially qualified, he would, in all probability, have passed his life in some obscure nook unknown to fame, for he was singularly free from ambition.

It was his great quenchless love for scientific pursuits, largely inherited from his grandfather, whose latent fires Professor Henslow fanned into flames, and later his great desire to aid in solving the mystery of life, which haunted his every step, urging him onward with irresistible sway. Indeed, we may say Charles Darwin became famous in spite of himself.

Of his boyhood, he observes, in an abandon of candor:—

I believe that I was considered by all my masters and by my father as a very ordinary boy, rather below the common standard in intellect. To my deep mortification, my father once said to me: "You care for nothing but shooting, dogs, and rat-catching, and you will be a disgrace to yourself and all your family." But my father, who was the kindest man I ever knew, and whose memory I love with all my heart, must have been angry and somewhat unjust when he used such words.

Again he continues:—

One little event has fixed itself very firmly in my mind, and I hope that it has done so from my conscience having been afterwards sorely

troubled by it. I told another little boy [I believe it was Leighton, who afterwards became a well-known lichenologist and botanist], that I could produce variously colored polyanthuses and primroses by watering them with certain colored fluids, which was, of course, a monstrous fable, and had never been tried by me. I may here also confess that as a little boy I was much given to inventing deliberate falsehoods, and this always was done for the sake of causing excitement. For instance, I once gathered much valuable fruit from my father's trees and hid it in the shrubbery, and then ran in breathless haste to spread the news that I had discovered a hoard of stolen fruit. I must have been a very simple little fellow when I first went to the school. A boy of the name of Garnett took me into a cake shop one day, and bought some cakes for which he did not pay, as the shopman trusted him. When we came out I asked him why he did not pay for them, and he instantly answered, "Why, do you not know that my uncle left a great sum of money to the town on condition that every tradesman should give whatever was wanted without payment to any one who wore his old hat and moved [it] in a particular manner?" and he then showed me how it was moved. He then went into another shop where he was trusted, and asked for some small article, moving his hat in the proper manner, and of course obtained it without payment. When we came out he said, "Now if you like to go by yourself into that cake shop, I will lend you my hat, and you can get whatever you like if you move the hat on your head properly." I gladly accepted the generous offer, and went in and asked for some cakes, moved the old hat, and was walking out of the shop when the shopman made a rush at me. So I dropped the cakes and ran for dear life, and was astonished by being greeted with shouts of laughter by my false friend Garnett.

These frank observations are valuable as indicating that in the youth we see little upon which we might reasonably predicate a brilliant future. He possessed, however, strong and diversified taste, "much zeal for whatever interested him, and a keen pleasure in understanding any complex subject or thing."* But while painstaking and persevering along lines of research which were attractive, he was ill-disposed to master any subject for which he had no taste. Thus he declares that his early schooling, which extended over a period of seven years, "was simply a blank," owing to the fact that the curriculum was strictly classical, and for such study Darwin had neither aptitude nor taste.

When fifteen years old, his father sent him to Edinburgh, as it had been determined that he should become a physician. Of his experience here he says:—

The instruction at Edinburgh was altogether by lectures, and these were intolerably dull, with the exception of those on Chemistry by Hope. Dr. Duncan's lectures on *Materia Medica* at eight o'clock on a winter's morning are something fearful to remember. Dr. — made his lectures on human anatomy as dull as he was himself, and the subject disgusted me. . . . During my second year at Edinburgh I attended —'s lectures on Geology and Zoölogy, but they were incredibly dull. The sole effect they produced on me was the determination never as long as I lived to read a book on Geology, or in any way to study the science.

* "Life and Letters of Charles Darwin," Vol. I., page 36.

After spending two sessions in Edinburgh, his father, who had learned that his son did not intend to practice medicine, determined to have him enter the clergy. Accordingly he was sent to Cambridge, where he passed three years; and owing to lax examinations and some extra studying immediately before examination, he succeeded in passing his examinations, being tenth in the list. Of his school days at Cambridge, he writes:—

During the three years which I spent at Cambridge my time was wasted, as far as the academical studies were concerned, as completely as at Edinburgh and at school. I attempted mathematics, and even went during the summer of 1828 with a private tutor [a very dull man] to Barmouth, but I got on very slowly. The work was repugnant to me, chiefly from my not being able to see any meaning in the early steps in algebra. With respect to classics, I did nothing except attend a few compulsory college lectures, and the attendance was almost nominal. In my second year I had to work for a month or two to pass the Little-Go, which I did easily. Again, in my last year I worked with some earnestness for my final degree of B. A., and brushed up my classics, together with a little Algebra and Euclid. In order to pass the B. A. examination, it was also necessary to get up "Paley's Evidences of Christianity" and his "Moral Philosophy." This was done in a thorough manner, and I am convinced that I could have written out the whole of the "*Evidences*" with perfect correctness, but not of course in the clear language of Paley. The logic of this book and, as I may add, of his "Natural Theology," gave me much delight. I did not at that time trouble myself about Paley's premises, and, taking these on trust, I was charmed and convinced by the long line of argumentation.

In the light of the above observations of Mr. Darwin, coupled with his statement that he had previously mastered "Pearson on the Creeds" and other standard theological works, and that he looked forward with keen delight to the prospect of being a clergyman, it is interesting to remember that within a few brief years he was destined to call forth, as did no other individual of his generation, an avalanche of denunciation, misrepresentation, and bitter invective from the world of Christian thought. What would have been his amazement if, while he was revelling in "Paley's Evidences," the curtain of futurity had parted before him, revealing the Charles Darwin of thirty years later, then the storm-centre of a world's thought, with the lightning of clerical wrath playing about him and the thunders of theological and conservative thought crashing above his head. Darwin, the theological student, gave small hint of holding within the woof and web of his brain the thought germs which were destined to play so important a part in changing the current of a world's thought; and had it not been for a few seemingly trivial happenings and events which occurred about this time, the world would probably know even less of Charles Darwin to-day than it does of his obscure brother. But for his meeting with Professor Henslow, who seemed drawn with a strange fascination to the

young student; but for Darwin chancing to read Humboldt's "Personal Narrative," which stirred his whole nature and fired him with an intense longing to in a small way contribute to the noble structure of natural science; and, lastly, had not the captain of the Beagle desired to take with him a competent naturalist during his voyage around the world, it is more than probable that the great philosopher would have been simply the Rev. Charles Darwin, officiating at some retired parish. Is it chance or destiny which so often, in the most unexpected and seemingly trivial circumstance, alters the course of a life, which in turn changes the current of a world's thought? The *ifs* of history and biography are a theme interesting and perplexing. Here was a boy, devoid of all ambition for renown, accounted dull, plodding through college, nearing the day when he is to enter the clergy; but his association with a great student of natural science, who is also an enthusiast, results in firing in the youth the hereditary love of physical science inherited from his grandfather. Humboldt's work adds greatly to the already kindled flame. Next, the unexpected opening for him to go as naturalist on the Beagle, and finally the overcoming of his father's stubborn opposition to this journey by Charles Darwin's uncle, Josiah Wedgwood. These are the principal links in the chain of circumstances which changed the theological student into the foremost naturalist of our century, and through Darwin's observations and demonstrations changed, in an almost incredibly short time, the scientific thought of the world, requiring a readjustment of theology and giving to life and law a vaster and nobler significance than they had hitherto held in the human mind. Were these links, the absence of any one of which might have been fatal, the result of blind chance or a law-ordered destiny?

III.

The five years' cruise of the Beagle, the real university course of Darwin the physical scientist, was so rich in information that from the garnered truths, in the course of time, a world was to be moved, nay more, the thought of ages was destined, largely through the accretions of knowledge thus gained, to be revolutionized. We have seen from his own utterances how unsatisfactory was his scholastic training. Now, however, he stepped into the broad expanse of a new world. Here, for the first time, the hunger of his soul experienced satisfaction. No longer compelled to feed upon the husks of classical thought, but untrammelled under the great blue dome, with zone-wide class room in which to master Nature's profoundest truths, Charles Darwin the dunce became an intellectual Titan. True, his illustrious prede-

cessors had blazed the way with speculative thought before him, and this, to a mind like the young naturalist's, was of inestimable value; indeed, had not the luminous, speculative thought of St. Hilaire, Erasmus Darwin, and Lamarck shone as a pillar of fire before him, it is doubtful whether Darwin would have made any distinctively epoch-marking contributions to science, because the younger naturalist was a demonstrator rather than a discoverer. He belonged to that class whose intellect always require a clue; with that, through profound research and unflagging perseverance, they demonstrate great truths. Besides this mental peculiarity, his extreme lack of confidence in himself or the proper value of his own works would have prevented his advancing his discoveries in any other than a tentative or hesitating manner, had he felt that he was announcing a theory not only contrary to the world-accepted thought, but one undreamed of by human minds before him.

In Brazil for the first time Darwin beheld the teeming, struggling, self-strangling life of the tropics. Here he beheld suggestions of that life which through unknown ages marked our globe from pole to pole. Next passed before him in slowly moving panorama the treeless pampas of South America; Patagonia, with its well-nigh Arctic zone, its almost naked savages, and its interesting natural features, standing in bold contrast to the lately visited luxuriance of Brazil. The Andes of the Western coast were next explored, and from their rock-writ records important truths hitherto unobserved were gleaned. From South America the *Beagle* traversed the Pacific in a serpentine course, weighing anchor at the Galapagos Archipelago, the Polynesian Islands, New Zealand, and Australia. At each point Darwin made discoveries of moment, either in geology, zoölogy, or botany; while as straws carried by a strong current, numerous biological facts drifted before his mental vision, tending to confirm the great theory which was already taking possession of his mind. In Australia Darwin personally examined a fragment of an ancient world; here is found antiquated fauna strangely like the life of Europe ages ago. At the Keeling Island our scientific Columbus made further discoveries and observations of the coral reefs, destined to produce an important impression on the thought of his age.

From Australia the *Beagle* slowly moved homeward, making many stops of more or less importance to Darwin, among which were Mauritius, St. Helena, and the Azores. On Oct. 2, 1836, the weather-beaten vessel reached England, having circumnavigated the globe, although she had consumed five instead of two years of time, as was expected when she sailed.

Darwin was particularly fitted by nature for the work he was

called upon to perform. His was the mind of a specialist. The most minute objects attracted his attention no less than the remains of the mammoth forms which inhabited the globe ages before the advent of man. Thus we find him patiently examining through his microscope the dust which the wind blows upon the ship. Though a specialist, his mind ran not in a narrow groove. Everything relating to biology of course held for him a special charm; geology, zoölogy, botany, and, indeed, all the phases of physical science exerted an irresistible fascination over his mind. Again, he was probably the most painstaking and persevering working naturalist of our age. While on board the *Beagle*, during the entire voyage, he suffered most distressingly from sea-sickness; yet he daily persevered in his microscopical investigation and scientific observations with unremitting perseverance, although he frequently found it necessary to leave his work for a time and seek a horizontal attitude.

IV.

Judging from the large number of voluminous books written by the invalid worker of Down,* one would suppose his was a wonderfully facile pen; but such was by no means the case. He had poor command of language and was unusually slow and clumsy as a writer, frequently having to recast a sentence many times before he succeeded in conveying the idea he desired to present on paper. In writing of this great hindrance to work he observed: "There seems to be a sort of fatality in my mind, leading me to put my statements or propositions at first in a wrong or awkward form." And again, toward the close of life, he says: "I have as much difficulty as ever in expressing myself clearly and concisely, and this difficulty has caused me a great loss of time." What, however, Darwin lacked in ease and facility of expression, he made up in perseverance. His work haunted him night and day. He realized that more than one lifetime would be necessary to properly marshal the multitude of vital facts which crowded upon his mental vision. Thus for over forty years he toiled with brain and pen, dying in the armor, before his magnificent intellect, which had revolutionized a world, had become dimmed, and in this particular the oft-repeated desire of his life was granted.

In 1839 Darwin published his "*Journal of Researches in Natural History and Geology of the Countries Visited during the Voyage of H. M. S. Beagle*." It scored an immediate success, much to the surprise and gratification of its author. He shortly after edited the publication of the "*Zoölogy of the Voyage of*

* Darwin, after circumnavigating the globe, settled for a time in London, but afterward removed to a comfortable, roomy home in Down, where he passed the long labor years of his useful life in tireless work.

H. M. S. Beagle," a work which comprised five large volumes. In 1842 he published "The Structure and Distribution of Coral Reefs," a discussion which greatly enhanced his reputation. In rapid succession appeared other valuable scientific treatises; indeed, the amount of literary work accomplished by Mr. Darwin is amazing when it is remembered that his entire literary career was one long night of painful invalidism, apart from which writing was always slow and laborious work. In 1859 he electrified the scientific world by bringing out his great masterwork, "The Origin of Species." It was a bugle call. Instantaneously the old and new thought among scientists were marshalled under opposing banners, and one of the most fierce and decisive battles known in the history of literature was fought. Fortunately for Darwin, however, the age had produced a race of giants, many of whom, like the author of "The Origin of Species," had caught inspiration from Lamarck. These at once arranged themselves around Mr. Darwin. The magnificent brain of Herbert Spencer had before this given the world the luminous truths from the realm of the speculative philosophy, while so great a working naturalist as Wallace reinforced Darwin with the rich treasures he had gathered during years of patient study under the torrid sun of the Malay Archipelago. The Church, as was perfectly natural, ranged herself upon the side of conservatism, and assailed this new thought with a bitterness of spirit which indicated that she had not left the Dark Ages so far behind her that the spirit which made them one long night of horrors had entirely disappeared. As a rule, the scientific criticism was dignified, and though often bitter, the writers were usually as fair as could be expected. The reviewers, however, who possessed little or no knowledge of physical science, often assailed they knew not what, being inspired by fanatical zeal resulting from a widespread fear that the new thought would destroy religion. These critics frequently grossly misrepresented, mercilessly ridiculed, and childishly caricatured the great patient disciple of nature, whose sole purpose in life was to add to man's heritage of truth. It would be amusing, if it were not pathetic, to note how society is ever overtaken with the ague of fear when a new truth dawns on the world. To conservatism all innovations are unwelcome intrusions; and usually conventional thought seeks, in whatever way the spirit of the age approves, to destroy the influence of the promoters of progress. It may be the stake, as in the case of Bruno; it may be the prison, as was the case in Galileo's time. It may be social ostracism, as has characterized the treatment of hundreds of the chosen spirits of a later day. With Charles Darwin the Church sought to destroy his influence by fierce invectives, biting sarcasm, and wholesale ridicule. Yet it must be

remembered that the thought was so bold and to the masses so new, it seemed to strike a deadly blow at the tap root of the tree of revelation. The Church felt that if Darwin succeeded, religion must fall. Thus, instead of inquiring whether or not the theory advanced was true, the clergy felt called upon to proceed after the manner of the Irish community, which inquired into the facts relating to the prisoner's guilt *after* they had hanged the accused. To all this calumny and misrepresentation, Charles Darwin, be it said to his honor, never wasted a precious moment in useless controversy. Grandly he stood a colossus, enveloped by the abuse of ignorance and bigotry, serene in the conviction that he held the thread of a great truth which mankind must in the fulness of time accept. The more men misrepresented and abused, the harder he worked to prove his position by incontrovertible facts and practical demonstrations. "The Origin of Species" was an epoch-marking book. During the intervening years between its publication in 1859 and the publication of his other masterpiece, "The Descent of Man," in 1871, Mr. Darwin made a number of important contributions to scientific literature. "The Descent of Man," however, aroused anew to a certain extent the battle of 1859. During these years the theory of evolution had rapidly grown in favor among thoughtful people; in 1871 it was clear to be seen that the trend of the best thought had set in Darwinward; and though from the date of this last great work until his death, eleven years later, he added materially to the rich store of facts he had given the world, it is by the "Origin" and "Descent" that Darwin will live throughout succeeding ages. These noble works were the breastworks around which the fiercest intellectual battle of modern times was fought; but the noble, patient, and persevering laborer had the splendid satisfaction of living to see the breastworks not only remain impregnable, but the surrender of a vast majority of competent scientists of the day. Two years before Darwin's death, Professor Huxley delivered his famous address on "The Coming Age of the Origin of Species." Of this notable utterance Mr. Grant Allen fittingly observes:—

The time was a favorable one for reviewing the silent and almost unobserved progress of a great revolution. Twenty-one years had come and gone since the father of modern scientific evolutionism had launched upon the world his tentative work. In those twenty-one years the thought of humanity had been twisted around as upon some invisible pivot, and a new heaven and a new earth had been presented to the eyes of seers and thinkers.

V.

Unfortunately, the private life of many of the world's greatest thinkers will not bear close scrutiny; indeed, the possession of a brain capable of marvellous penetration and dazzling intellectual

flights has so frequently been marred by the presence of an unbalanced condition in other directions, that the very word "genius" has come to suggest to some close thinkers the presence of insanity. Often men of the largest brains have displayed the smallest natures. An almost godlike power of intuition, and the eagle wings of genius have so frequently been chained to jealousy, personal ambition, indifference to others, immorality, and an offensive self-worship, that the biographer has touched upon the character and home life of his subject with feelings of keenest sadness. Not so with the writer who deals with the life of Charles Darwin, as the power of his wonderful mind was only second to the charm of his noble personality. He was the most unselfish and sincere of men; a stranger to that personal ambition which ruthlessly treads upon the happiness and the merit of others; devoid of all traces of jealousy; diffident, indeed, as I have before observed, his diffidence was so marked that it is not improbable that the world would never have received his best thought had not Lamarck and other great thinkers blazed the way before him. *I know of no life where the supreme mastery of self was more strikingly illustrated than in the career of Darwin after he entered the portals of manhood.* In writing of him in after years, Sir James Sullivan, who sailed on the Beagle, observed: "I can confidently express my belief that during five years on the Beagle he was never known to be out of temper, or to say one unkind or harsh word of or to any one." The marvellous command at this early date which Darwin had over his temper will be better appreciated if we remember that during this voyage the young philosopher was constantly seasick. In after years this wonderful control of his lower self grew more and more complete. He had an iron will, but it was used in subjugating all that was unworthy of the noblest manhood in his nature. Darwin loved his home passionately, and naught but thirst for knowledge could have driven him forth on his long, perilous voyage. In his letters we catch many delightful glimpses of this strong, abiding home love, as, for example, the following:—

It is too delightful to think that I shall see the leaves fall and hear the robins sing next autumn at Shrewsbury. My feelings are those of a schoolboy to the smallest point; I doubt whether ever boy longed for his holidays as much as I do to see you all again. I am at present, although nearly half the world is between me and home, beginning to arrange what I shall do, where I shall go during the first week.

His marriage to his cousin Emma Wedgwood, which occurred in January, 1839, proved to be an exceptionally happy union; each cherished pure, deep affection for the other, and in each other's society they experienced their rarest happiness. Of their married life Francis Darwin says:—

Of his married life I cannot speak, save in the briefest manner. In his relationship towards my mother, his tender and sympathetic nature was shown in its most beautiful aspect. In her presence he found his happiness, and through her, his life—which might have been overshadowed by gloom—became one of content and quiet gladness.

His deep love for his wife and children was very marked. This tireless delver into the mysteries of life had a heart as tender as the most sensitive maiden. Seldom have I read any lines more touchingly beautiful than the following, written when he lost his little ten-year-old daughter:—

From whatever point I look back at her, the main feature in her disposition, which at once rises before me, is her buoyant joyousness, tempered by two other characteristics, namely, her sensitiveness, which might easily have been overlooked by a stranger, and her strong affection. It was delightful and cheerful to behold her. Her dear face now rises before me, as she used to come running downstairs with a stolen pinch of snuff for me, her whole form radiant with the pleasure of giving pleasure.

Even when playing with her cousins, when her joyousness almost passed into boisterousness, a single glance of my eye, not of displeasure (for I thank God I hardly ever cast one on her), but of want of sympathy, would for some minutes alter her whole countenance. Her whole mind was pure and transparent. One felt one knew her thoroughly and could trust her. . . . She often used exaggerated language, and when I quizzed her by exaggerating what she had said, how clearly can I now see the little toss of the head, and exclamation of "Oh, papa, what a shame of you!" In the last short illness her conduct in simple truth was angelic. She never once complained; never became fretful; was ever considerate of others, and was thankful in the most gentle, pathetic manner for everything done for her. When so exhausted that she could hardly speak, she praised everything that was given her, and said some tea was "beautifully good." When I gave her some water she said, "I quite thank you," and these, I believe, were the last precious words ever addressed by her dear lips to me. We have lost the joy of the household and the solace of our old age. She must have known how we loved her. Oh, that she could now know how deeply, how tenderly, we do still and shall ever love her dear, joyous face! Blessings on her!

The great secret of Darwin's accomplishing such a vast amount of work lay in the two words *perseverance and order*. He was one of the most persistent of investigators. The suffering and exhaustion incident to his painful and unremitting illness were not considered by this tireless worker sufficient cause for rest. Each day his apportioned work was prepared with clocklike regularity. Languages were exceedingly difficult for him to master; but in order to acquaint himself with the views of some great German scientific thinkers, he mastered the language sufficiently to read the works, although he always pronounced the words in English. Another illustration of this same spirit of perseverance is related in the following words by Admiral Stokes, who accompanied Darwin on the *Beagle*:—

We worked together for several years at the same table in the poop cabin of the *Beagle* during her celebrated voyage, he with his microscope and myself at the charts. It was often a very lively end of the little craft, and distressingly so to my old friend, who suffered greatly from sea-sickness. After, perhaps, an hour's work he would say to me: "Old fellow, I must take the horizontal for it," that being the best relief position from ship motion; a stretch out on one side of the table for some time would enable him to resume his labors for a while, when he had again to lie down.

Such are a few interesting facts concerning this noble life. In a brief pen picture of this character it is impossible to touch even briefly upon the points of excellence in a life so rich in the glory of developed manhood.

The death of Charles Darwin, which occurred on the 19th of April, 1882, cast a gloom over the whole scientific world. The boy who in 1831 seemed to possess so little, and of whom his father entertained serious apprehension lest he should turn out a worthless sporting character, had reached the foremost place in the ranks of great scientists, even in the golden age of scientific research. He was buried in Westminster near the tomb of Newton. Among his pall-bearers were his loved co-laborers, Wallace, Huxley, Lubbock, and Hooker. In closing this sketch I will quote a paragraph from Mr. Allen's graphic summary of the personal characteristics of the great man who in life was as careless of his personal fame as he was devoted to the cause of science:—

Of Darwin's pure and exalted moral nature no Englishman of the present generation can trust himself to speak with becoming moderation. His love of truth, his singleness of heart, his sincerity, his earnestness, his modesty, his candor, his absolute sinking of self and selfishness—these, indeed, are all conspicuous to every reader on the very face of every word he ever printed. Like his works themselves, they must long outlive him. But his sympathetic kindliness, his ready generosity, the staunchness of his friendship, the width and depth and breadth of his affections, the manner in which "he bore with those who blamed him unjustly without blaming them in return—these things can never so well be known to any other generation of men as to the three generations who walked the world with him. Many even of those who did not know him loved him like a father; to many who never saw his face the hope of winning Charles Darwin's approbation and regard was the highest incentive to thought and action. Towards younger men, especially, his unrelenting kindness was always most noteworthy; he spoke and wrote to them, not like one of the masters in Israel, but like a fellow-worker and seeker after truth, interested in their interests, pleased at their successes, sympathetic with their failures, gentle to their mistakes. . . . He had the sympathetic receptivity of all truly great minds, and when he died thousands upon thousands who had never beheld his serene features and his fatherly eyes felt they had lost, indeed, a personal friend. Greatness is not always joined with gentleness; in Charles Darwin's case, by universal consent of all who knew him, "an intellect which had no superior" was wedded to "a character even nobler than the intellect."

WAS IT PROPHECY?

BY REV. WM. P. MCKENZIE.

As an oculist the doctor had been successful, and his house was truly magnificent. In the library he sat with two friends. The books that looked down upon them were such as a scholar might have selected; but no scholar of these days could have afforded such costly bindings.

The doctor lounged in an easy chair, which each of the others had refused, and lit a cigar taken from a box that must have cost at least fifty dollars. His face was as full, fair, and unruffled as that of a patriarch in the Greek Church. His dress was faultless, and had cost him fully three times its worth. A fashionable tailor uses such men as a bulwark against the fashionables who pay only in promises. Altogether he impressed one as a successful man; of such a kind that he had become entirely satisfied with himself, and, while fond of the "best of everything," rather indifferent to the fate of those to whose lot the worst of things fell.

For the type which his friend represented you would have to look in the ranks of the toilers. He was a college-mate of the doctor's, now visiting him after twenty years of separation. The doctor's face was as nice looking as if a well-groomed baby had a tawny beard appended to its dimpled chin. The face of his visitor was seamed with suffering; his eyes were deep sunken and restless; his lips restless too, thin, mobile, quivering. An Armenian peasant, worn with the anxiety of Turkish oppression, who has struggled against famine, clambered among very shadows of death during all his life, shows just such a countenance.

The third man was young, a student; just beginning to know something of the appalling problems of life. Already he had passed the stage when "wine, women, and song" could satisfy. His thoughts seemed like fire in his brain as the two friends talked.

Said the doctor: "How good it is to be alive in this year of grace! Through all past years there has been a kind of martyrdom of man, — famine, hardship, war; but now we have conquered space, and almost annihilated time. One can go to bed in a palace here, sleep soundly, bathe in the morning, and have a barber's services; then after breakfast and a cigar, step out in another city, to reach which would have cost our fathers a

month of exasperatingly slow travel. The city has nerves through it like a human body. I can send advice anywhere by wire; and to those not homeopaths, who do not believe that nerves carry health, I can send pills and phials by pneumatic tubes. Three times a day the news of the wide world is brought to my door; and I am able to know more of events than those living where they happen."

"Yes," said the economist, "everything is favorable to the rich. What about the poor? It was a gala day when a savage king would launch a canoe out there among the Pacific Islands. But it was rolled down to the sea on the bodies of men. Your palace car rolls along smoothly and pleasantly; but in the front, amid oily smells and grime, sits the sleepless engineer, on whom the safety of the bathed and barbered exquisites depends. He is earning for the railway company perhaps ten times what he gets in wages. And how are the railways built? You know how plausible men go about asking bonuses, inducing farmers to have shares in the road; then it is wrecked, and those who paid money get nothing, for cunning is triumphant over honesty. The men who gather fortunes out of the multiform losses of others are applauded, cringed to."

"That is only one side of the question," replied the doctor, who had been calmly smoking while his friend spoke. "Look how railways open out new country, and how they distribute the products of all climes. We get fruits all winter long from the South; the West sends us beef cattle from the plains; all manner of fish from the sea are to be found in our markets. Why, there can be no famines now, when food is so well distributed."

The economist leaped from his chair. "Can't be famines now? Why, there is famine here! in this city! in every city! Some speculator will hold up prices, and every poor family is taxed a percentage to make up the million he will clear. A man earns, say four dollars a day, and is paid one and a half; and out of his profits made in this way, the employer gives ostentatious dinners, wasting enough on over-fed idlers to feed an army of the hungry for many days. You do not know how hard it is for some of the patient, hard-working people to keep life in the body. Where would you be if two thirds of your income went for rent?"

"Things are not so bad as you represent," replied the doctor, calmly. "Never was clothing so very cheap. A boy can be dressed for a dollar and a half. A man can get a suit for five; and good enough boots are sold for a dollar."

"But, my God! think of the people who make these clothes. Every cigar you smoke is a day's wage for them. The cost of half a dozen boxes will represent the earnings for a year of some who

work fourteen hours a day, — for a year, think of it! And what work! it used to make my back ache to spend half an hour at mending when I was out at the mines. How horrible to have to spend a lifetime in stitching! The needle is the sewing-woman's asp, only death is not speedy and romantic, like Cleopatra's."

"Why do they work at sewing?" interposed the student. "There is housework; women are hard to get for that."

"Their children, my boy, force them to work. Any woman who sees a tear shine in the eye of her hungry baby will sell her soul for bread. Many of them are widows, or worse, have drunken husbands. They are not trained for housework, perhaps have not strength for the charwork they might get by the day. And if house owners object to their tenants having children, who would hire a servant with a family? Moreover, there is no time to wait or seek for work, — now their children are hungry, — and they must make something anyhow. Out of the hunger of children clothiers can thus build up fortunes."

The student became thoughtful. He was wearing a necktie representing in value three days of toil for one of these laborers.

The doctor lit another cigar and watched the widening rings of smoke as they rose. Then he said: "You seem to forget that this is an age of benevolence. This city here is full of all kinds of charities. I myself do not charge a very poor man for advice. There are dispensaries and hospitals and church societies."

"But how can a man fail to see that it is justice the poor want, not charity? It is all very well for some rich woman to use hereditary wealth in establishing coffee-houses, let us say, where food is sold at less than cost. She is called benevolent, and yet her work is an injustice; it is oppression of the keepers of eating-houses, who must live by their business, and it makes the poor think life a lottery when they get more than they earn. You know about hospitals; some of them are practice-ground for medical students. The mistakes furnish the dissecting-room with 'cadavers.' Individuals in the churches are working for justice, but as societies they are a failure. They ought to make unnecessary the formation of anti-poverty, children's aid, and temperance or other reform societies. But these have had to begin outside of their hampering creeds. In some quarters of the slums that I know of, few men are worse hated than the immaculately dressed clergy. It makes me boil with indignation to see them squabble over interpretations and heresies, and omit thought about the weightier matters of the law. Months and years these bibliolaters can spend over the letter, while the spirit evades them. While multitudes are shut out from the good of life, cramped in liberty, and almost completely hindered from the pursuit of happiness, how trifling seem these discussions! It is

just as if soldiers should be quarrelling over a find of pennies while a great battle is going on."

"You are unfair to the churches," broke in the student. "The men in them are better than those of no church."

"That is merely saying that some individuals are better than others. Is their goodness owing to church teaching or to the love in their own hearts? The churchman says, '*Credo, ergo salvus*,' I have the right creed, so I am sure of heaven. The Christian says, 'I believe the ideal of the prophet of Nazareth to be the best, and the business of man to be the redemption of the whole world.'"

"Do you think every man ought to do as that Nazarene teacher did?" asked the doctor, a little petulantly. "Is a man not to enjoy the wealth he makes honestly?"

"The true enjoyment of a good is found in sharing it. It gave you pleasure to-day to operate on that poor child's eyes, and make sight your gift to her. But you should have gone further. She had been treated at the dispensary till the case became desperate; so a father had to give up a day's work and carry her in his arms to you. He could not bear to hear her moaning. But what if he is discharged from the foundry where he works because of that absence? Men are plentiful just now. You gave him a prescription to your druggist; yet you know he will have to pay the dealer five hundred per cent profit, so that this medicine he must have will use up more than a day's wages. You do not think of these things, nor did it occur to you to visit the child in her home. To be able to help the honest poor in their extremity ought to make any wealthy man happy."

The economist began to walk back and forth; his eyes shone with a strange light as he spoke: "The wealthy are fools," he said. "Their expenditure is all for ostentation. They climb up, not to help others, but to trample them beneath their feet. Eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, while one of their feasts would feed families into whose windows want is ever looking, and the cost of dresses made for their ceremonies would suffice to clothe hundreds of shivering children. Music is in their feasts and the heavy perfume of flowers, while the multitude can only know of tawdry singers in the saloons,—those traps baited to catch men through a divine instinct. Why, there are sick and feeble and dying human beings who have never had a flower in their hands. My God! the awful patience of the poor! When they know that laws favor the rich and give power to the great, so that they are driven into the mud like the piles of a wharf, to support the colossal fortunes that flaunt their extravagance and heartlessness to the whole world,—when they know their might, then they will rise.

"What in that day will cunning do against force! What laws will protect; when maddened and mighty strength is law! The million fortune made in a year by cheating three thousand families out of a dollar a day — how will it stand when the men come for a reckoning?"

"When from the tenements swarm out hordes of beings not afraid to die, since life is so hideous, what will the favored children of wealth do? I see it in my dreams — carnage and cruelty, the foundations broken up, and victory to those who know not how to use it. The power of cunning, of lies, of unscrupulousness, is impotent against mad force; the people must win if they rise in a mass. In this warfare victory is assured to the *gros bataillons!*"

There were tears in his eyes when he sat down. When the doctor showed the student to his room for the night, he said of the economist, "Poor fellow! he is demented, crazy; he used to be the brightest man in our year."

As the tide in a narrow bay rolls and dashes, so the new thoughts surged in upon the student's mind. Hours seemed to go by in sleeplessness; then he became wide awake as he thought, all his senses concentrated in the one of hearing.

A low, monotonous sound, more fearsome than the lion's roar heard in the desert, more dreadful than the rumble of thunder among mountains, came upon the night air. At times it seemed like the voices of tempestuous winds and angry waters; but as it rolled nearer, he could make it out to be the sound of many voices, the angry roaring of a crowd of men.

The calm moonlight silvered the cornices of the opposite houses. The street was bathed in dream sunshine, which seemed to have been poured down in order to sweep away the tumults of daytime. Up the quiet street he saw a dark body moving, — uniformed men borne back by a tumultuous mob. One officer on horseback was cursing them and bidding them to fire on their opponents.

As they were slowly pushed on, the voices of men in the ranks could be distinguished.

"My father's in that crowd; I'll be — if I will fire a shot."

"I've got a couple of brothers there, too," said another. They belonged to the citizen soldiery, gathered into ranks for parades and show, not for fighting. It was a new thing to be called upon to shoot their friends, so they turned upon their officer with oaths and taunts.

The *mêlée* passed up the street, followed by the yelling crowd.

Morning broke, wan and gray. Red glares had illumined the sky, counterfeiting the red light of the dawn, but these were from fires that sprang up in various parts of the city. There was the

clanging of bells, the running about of distracted people, the occasional crackling sound of firearms. No one seemed to know what had gone wrong. Newspapers were not delivered; the telephones would not work; messengers did not come at summons.

From the denser parts of the city came sounds of tumult and uproar, till at last, mastered by his curiosity, the student ventured out. He found the business parts of the city held by mobs. The dregs of humanity had poured out from back streets and lanes. Reckless they were, bitter hearted, cursing every man they saw, and themselves also.

The shop fronts had been smashed, and in the confusion every kind of merchandise was being carried away. Hands calloused with work rasped upon satin. Sewer diggers draped themselves with costly fabrics of the East, in bearing them away. Animated rag bundles rolled themselves in the softness of rich velvets.

The saloons were crowded, resounding with the kind of laughter one hears in a madhouse. To the side door of one a wagon drove up, and sent kegs and barrels rolling down to the cellar. It bore the superscription, "Hell-Gate Brewery."

Squads of men, drunk and brutal, wandered off to satiate their lust for cruelty so long repressed by fear. The student saw ten men break into a house at whose windows he had seen a fair girl busy with her fancy work only a few days before. She had "fed on the roses, and lain on the lilies of life"; her greatest hardship might have been the delay of lunch for an hour.

The men enter the room where she sits so daintily dressed. She has been trying to quiet her mind with a book, for the servants have left, and the men are away looking after their property, which is in danger. The defenceless girl does not cry out as the leader, with brutal, obscene words, addresses her. The meaning of his words she does not know, his intent she only half apprehends, till the complete beastliness of the man breaks out in his countenance as he approaches. Then she snatches up a small, antique dagger, used for a paper cutter. In the end of the handle there is a gem, and down the blade runs a deep gutter for blood. She looks at the man, dark, immense, strong; her strength would be as a straw in his grasp; he would fear the little dagger no more than a pin; then the others would be nine to one. They see the flash of the jewel, the dagger withdrawn, the blood run dripping from the point. The maiden has escaped, though by the gateway of death, and the spell of horror that held the student is broken.

He rushes forth to the street, to see one of the fairest of women dragged by the hair, amid jeers and the hate of the crowd. Only yesterday she sneered at a poor wretch her carriage almost ran over.

A man, white faced and panting, dashes by. The student stands in a doorway as the mob pursues. "Kill the priest!" cries one. "Not that one," answers a louder voice, and the men delay to listen. "If the rich fellows pay him, he works for us; he is my friend,—him." The men laughed; it was a good-tempered crowd in the main—good-tempered like the cat when her paw is on the mouse.

The student inquired of a decent-looking man what had gone wrong. "It is a universal strike," he said. "Hell has broken loose, and the devil is running things. You had better make yourself scarce, or they will be after you; you are too well dressed to escape notice."

With a strange, sickly feeling, perhaps akin to fear, though he would not own it, the student drew back into a ravaged house as the yelling crowd surged up the street. He clambered to the tower window, and saw how a pall of smoke hung over the city. Away to the south he saw commotion among the buildings, as if a tidal wave were sweeping them flat. Louder grew the roar, and cries of panic filled the streets. Was the ocean joining with men in the work of destruction? The crash of falling buildings grew louder; he could almost distinguish the clatter of falling bricks,—when he came to himself sitting up in bed, and listening to the clatter of the early carts over the stone-paved streets.

Was it a dream or a prophecy?

PRESENT DAY TENDENCIES AND SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

LOW ETHICAL IDEALS IN OUR HIGHER EDUCATIONAL CENTRES.

BACCHANALIAN REVELS
IN MODERN
UNIVERSITY LIFE.

THE necessity for radical reform in educational training must be apparent to all persons in touch with college or university life to-day. The low ideals in ethics or lax standard of morals current among the young men of our great conservative educational institutions is appalling; and although conventional thought is so tinctured with moral neurasthenia that society condones in youth acts which are revolting and debasing, general degeneracy must be the final inevitable result.

Nothing more clearly marks the lethargy of society to-day than the constant iteration that young men must "sow their wild oats"; in other words, that nineteenth-century manhood must wallow in the filth of the social sewer; must burn up the vital forces of the system on the altar of sensuality; must degrade all that is holiest, purest, and most sacred in being before they are ready to settle down to a steady or virtuous life. This doctrine is as essentially debasing and soul destroying as the ancient Phallic rites of Greece. Moreover, the assertion is a libel on nature and on manhood; and to those who pause long enough to think about any serious question it will appear as false as it is preposterous. The man who has once become a slave to his passion, who has once descended into the gutter of sensuality, has scorched his finer nature and scarred his soul for life. An ineffable charm, fragrant as roses and beautiful as the moonlight on Lucerne, has vanished forever. As well argue that virtuous wifehood and the holy function of motherhood would be better conserved if the maidens of Vassar and Wellesley occasionally indulged in such orgies as New York witnessed on Thanksgiving night, as claim that such essentially demoralizing conduct does not degrade manhood and taint the unborn offspring of later years.

I am strenuous on this point because I am profoundly convinced that the future of civilization hangs upon this vital pivot. Unless we raise the standard of morals for men, the standard for women will inevitably be lowered; and until we absolutely discard the false and debasing theory that it is right and proper for young men to descend from the clean and pure atmosphere of

healthy life to wallow in animalism, there can be no elevation of masculine morals. I affirm that there is no more reason why a young man should fill his brain with filthy or bestial imaginings than a young woman should make her soul the storehouse of vile thoughts. Neither is there any more reason why a young man should become a slave to his passion or appetite than that a young woman, who has inherited the taint of sensualism from a father, should give way to her passional appetites. If civilization is to move upward, it must be impelled by sturdy morals; and no high morals can flourish when the intellect of man is possessed by the fatal idea that vice is pardonable in youth. Do not for a moment understand me as intimating that all our young men at college entertain these low ideals. Fortunately for humanity, such is not the case. There are scores if not hundreds in all our large colleges and universities who are clean souled; but the social atmosphere in collegiate circles, as well as fashionable and conventional life, is saturated with this deadly miasma which enervates youth and degrades manhood. A striking illustration of this was seen in New York on Thanksgiving night.

During the day the annual game of football had been played between Yale and Princeton. Yale won, and therefore scores of her young men felt justified in indulging in bacchanalian revelry, the bare recital of which must fill all clean-minded persons with disgust. Nor was the defeated college unrepresented. Numbers of her youths seized this opportunity to debauch their natures and render themselves unworthy the love or respect of pure-minded girls. In describing this modern imitation of saturnalian abandon, a New York daily said: * "Such pandemonium was never witnessed by any Koster & Bial audience that ever assembled, as was witnessed at this concert hall through the bacchanalian actions of the Yale and Princeton boys present." In depicting scenes at another place, the same paper thus hints at the moral abandon of these youths who are expected to help mould the thought of the morrow: "While Vanoni was on the stage, one inebriated Yale man essayed to mount the stage and take her in his arms." So significant and so serious is such a spectacle, reflecting, as it does, the prevalence of moral miasma in college life to-day, which will necessarily continue until ethical instruction is introduced into popular education, that I feel it demands more than a passing notice; and below I give an extended extract from a pen picture of some of the happenings as given by one of the leading metropolitan dailies: — †

If the whole Central Park menagerie — not only the monkey-cage — had been turned loose in Sixth Avenue and Broadway, things couldn't have

* New York Herald.

† New York World, Nov. 25, 1892.

been worse. The college boys shouted themselves hoarse, and drank themselves drunk, and fought themselves to a standstill. They were everywhere—in the theatres, the music halls, the saloons, and down the whole scale of respectability. As the night progressed they fell by the wayside, but morning found the more hardy ones still at it.

With all seriousness the emeriti professors of drinking, the three-bottle men, the men who never draw a sober breath and yet are never drunk, looked at the college men in New York when they began to drink last night, and held up their hands in holy terror. It was absolutely pitiful to watch them. Here were hundreds of young men wandering from place to place, pouring into themselves, each in its turn, beer of various brews, whiskey, gin, brandy, all the infernal French concoctions that are sweet and are intended for women; and with the daring of youth topping all off with champagne, as if they thought to use a yeast to leaven the whole.

Yes, the professors of physiology ought to deliver those extra lectures if only because of this fact—told tersely enough, told in the manner of police telegrams—which was wired to the *World* last night:—

"College boy, wearing Princeton colors, was picked up insensible from drink at Thirtieth Street and Sixth Avenue about 10 P. M. He was taken to the New York Hospital, but could not tell his name."

The Imperial Music Hall, at Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, has always tolerated some freedom of conduct from those who frequent it. Men smoke and drink while they watch the show.

Four hundred students from all the colleges shout: "A-a-ah! Ah-ah-ah! Ain't yere glad yere came! A-a-a-ah!"

Half the students (at the top of their lusty lungs): "Washer matter with Princeton? She's a' right. Who's a' right? Princeton!"

Other half: "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, Yale! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, Yale!"

The performers go on stage. Scattered cries all over the house, "Waiter! waiter! waiter!" Some one starts up a college song. Every one joins in. The band is perfectly inaudible. "Charles Duncan, vocalist," comes on. Universal chorus: "Fougere! Fougere! We want Fougere!"

When Duncan is permitted to sing, the gentlemen from the cradles of learning join in his chorus if it pleases them, or sing one of their own if it does not. So it goes on. All the time waiters are busy carrying trays laden with drinks and carrying back the empty glasses.

Man comes on stage and hangs up No. 6. Universal and excited chorus: "A-a-ah! a-a-ah! The high kicker. What's the matter with Fleurette? She's all right, you bet."

Half the students break into a chorus from one of the Greek plays, and the other half bark and croak back at them. Fleurette appears. She's in blue.

Yale men, wild with enthusiasm: "'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, Yale! Princeton isn't in it! Kiss me, kiss me, dearest."

Fleurette dances, kicking a tambourine she holds above her head, while the tobacco smoke rolls in waves from the applause. Then Fleurette dances again as a housemaid with a feather duster, dusting her ankles.

Everybody: "There are no flies on you. Yum, yum, yum!"

After that the students do not condescend to hear or observe any more. They put up an impromptu entertainment of their own that would do credit to a lot of bacchanals until Mlle. Valesca appears—Mlle. Valesca, the trapeze marvel. Mademoiselle wears very long flesh-colored tights and a very short salmon-colored silk jacket. Several considerate collegians awake their comrades who have fallen asleep despite

a din that would awaken a mummy. *Every "risky" pose of mademoiselle is saluted by howls like those of wolves chasing their prey.*

Two hundred of America's best blood: "Wash's th' masher with Valesca? She's all right. Who's all right? Valesca."

The awful din goes on until Fougere lands, with a jump, in the middle of the stage.

The French woman can say more in a kick than can most women in a thousand words. Her wink is a suggestion, her smile an invitation. The young men who listen to her and look at her go absolutely crazy. As a distinguished example, Oliver Sumner Teall, who sat in one of the boxes, tossed a big blue silk handkerchief to the Fougere. She tied it to the top of her parasol. All the brawn and such of the brain of Yale as was present fell at her twinkling feet.

The show ended, and these young men went out into the cold air that could not cool their senses.

Over five hundred of the college boys attended the performance at Koster & Bial's, and were eminently successful in running things. All other sounds were drowned in the roaring and yelling of well-developed lungs, the blare of tin horns, and the shrill notes of whistles purchased for the occasion.

The hit of the evening was made by four young ladies who danced quadrilles with the utmost grace, and kept kicking their French heels higher than their heads. The boys began yelling at them instead of at each other; and when the big fan-shaped curtain shut them out from view, a tremendous encore went up.

A young man in a dress suit came out with a cornet. He was promptly invited by a hundred throats to "get off the earth," and a hundred more asked him to "go lie down and die."

"We want the four ladies!" shouted some one, referring to the high kickers, and the whole house began chanting in a monotone:—

"Four—four—we want four ladies!"

Two comedians came on and did their turn without being heard, the cry for four "ladies" being kept up incessantly. A few beer glasses were tossed about the hall, but no one was hurt by them.

The performance was brought to a close at 4.45 instead of at midnight, as is usual.

Just as at some other playhouses, the managers of the Academy of Music tried to keep the college boys from getting many seats together. But the sly youths got there all the same.

When in the third act the ballets "Mary Green," "Ta-ra-ra," "The Bowery," and "Maggie Murphy" were put on, the boys sung themselves hoarse, while the girls danced. When a particularly airy costume was seen, a Yale man shouted, "Go put on a sweater." It brought down the house. Kisses were recklessly chirped stageward, and the ballet had to smile back, even if they were fined for every smile. "Those are the kind of girls we want at Yale!" shouted a group in chorus when La Sirene, Eglantine, Serpentine, and Dynamite, the French quadrille dancers, pointed their little shoes roofward. The band in blue that plays for the Amazon march caught the Yale fancy, and they yelled, "What's the matter with the Yale band? She's all right!"

While the youths of the Nassau and the Yale armies were at dinner or at the theatres, the streets were fairly dull for a Thanksgiving night; but when the playhouses let out, the boys broke loose. Broadway, from Twenty-third Street up, was like a college walk, and the students owned everything.

It was like getting into the Vatican to get to the counter at the Hoffman House art room. The corridor was packed with a wild, howling

set of shouters, and in the barroom they kept up a pow-wow before the Satyr and the Nymphs that was enough to burst a man's tympanum.

About 11.30 the boys who took to executing Nautch dances before the Nymphs and the Satyr, of which Mr. Stokes is so proud, began making the glasses on the shelves clatter like castanets, and there was danger any minute that the end of a walking stick might be poked through a canvas. The order was given that the room be cleared. And cleared it was in a rush. Bang went down the doors at 11.30 sharp.

The lads then marched down to the Fifth Avenue. On the way some of the happy *avant couriers* caught up a Tenderloin lassie, and half hoisting her, half hugging her, they ran her down to Twenty-third Street, and through Twenty-third Street to Sixth Avenue. The camp followers chased after, singing and whooping and guying the girl. As she passed by the Fifth Avenue Hotel portico, half a dozen lusty young boys boosted her up on their shoulders, and, shouting for Yale in tipsy tones, turned the corner to the cross street. Somebody made a rough tug at her petticoat and tore off half a yard of edging. There was a wild scrimmage for the trophy, and in the set-to the leader let go of her and she escaped.

Shut out of the Hoffman, the crowd gathered in the bar of the Fifth Avenue. There was a deafening vocal mixture of "Rah, 'rah, 'rah, what's the matter with Yale?" "Where's Princeton at?" "Where in the soup's Harvard?" drowned finally in a general husky chorus of "Here's to good old whiskey; drink her down, down, down."*

That any considerable number of students from such centres of learning as conventional Yale or orthodox Princeton, could so degrade their manhood, is in itself a most unanswerable argument against the defective education of our time, which trains the intellect but does not develop character. Greece and Rome are melancholy illustrations of the crumbling to dust of civiliza-

* The moral contagion emanating from a few score depraved youths infects other minds unused to the world's temptations, nor is the conduct described above so rare as many people imagine.

About two weeks after the shameful orgies just portrayed occurred in New York, the press despatches described a similar outrage carried on in a much smaller way in New Haven under the very eyes, so to speak, of the faculty of Yale. One would think that, after the shame and odium attached to this seat of learning through the disgusting debauchery of a large representation of her students, the faculty would have seen that even on a small scale no repetition occurred during the present season; but such was not the case, as will be seen from the following clipping from despatches sent out on December 5:—

"Yale students were out in force for a lark last night. They started in by visiting the opera house, where a specialty company was giving the closing performance of a week's engagement. Over one hundred of the boys got possession of the first rows and boxes, and as soon as the curtain rose the fun began. They began to criticise the work of the actresses and the chorus girls, telling each what they thought of her.

"Soon this was too much to satisfy them; and to make the dancers jump and kick a little higher, the boys tossed giant torpedoes beneath the dancers' feet. The torpedoes exploded with a report like a rifle, and soon began to fall so fast that it sounded like a fusillade of musketry. Manager Smith came before the curtain and said he would stop the performance. This was greeted approvingly by the boys, who said they would take possession of the stage and finish the programme themselves. At this the manager became alarmed and sent for a squad of police.

"The arrival of the police was received with scornful jeers. One of the officers attempted to arrest a student, but his companions took the officer's club away. Other officers came to his assistance, however, and between them they marched the prisoner to police headquarters. Subsequently two others were arrested and locked up, but all were hailed out.

"Several who engaged in the row were laid out with beer mugs and other missiles, and one student was felled with a heavy iron shovel.

"Another party visited a café in Court Street, and departed leaving all the tables and furniture turned upside down. During the scrimmage Miss Maggie Kilbridge was divested of the greater part of her wearing apparel."

tions which permitted the intellect to overrule the ethical element in man's culture; and when one reflects on the fact that the brains of these passion-swayed youths will play an important part in moulding the civilization of to-morrow and also that their children will, through the inexorable law of heredity, partake, to a greater or less extent, of the vicious taint of passion and appetite thus fed in the opening hour of manhood, the problem assumes colossal importance, and becomes a question which reaches far beyond the petty span of our day and generation. Only the ethical degradation which is the legitimate result of a double standard of morals, prevents society from beholding the enormity of this evil which is dragging down youth and lowering the virtue of the race. Let us try for a moment to reverse the situation. We will suppose that Vassar and Wellesley had played an exciting college game of tennis, and in order to celebrate one its victory and the other its defeat, hundreds of the maidens who attend these colleges escaped from their chaperones and *en masse* congregated in the Empire City, launching out with the same reckless abandon which characterized the actions of hundreds of Yale and Princeton boys. Let us suppose that these young ladies deadened all sense of respectability by freely imbibing liquor; that they infested the streets, and visited by hundreds concert and dancing halls, where every ribald joke or every suggestion or indecent action emanating from any of the performers elicited wild applause. Let us suppose, further, that they swarmed in the barrooms and raced after men in the streets, tearing their clothes and struggling madly for pieces of the torn garments. Would not the world stand aghast? and yet who shall presume to say that a man more than a woman has a right to transmit the baleful poison of sensualism or a debased appetite to his children? Who, furthermore, shall presume to say that a man has any more inherent right than a woman to burn out the flame of vitality in bestial gratification, and then seek marital union with one who is chaste in thought and life? Who shall presume to say that nature intended man more than woman to wallow in the sewers of animality? Human nature is the same the world over. The question of *sex* does not enter into the problem of *soul elevation or debasement*, and yet it is on the latter that the advance or retrograde movement of civilization depends. *That which debases manhood must in the very necessity of the case sooner or later debase womanhood*; not only through its moral atmosphere, which is more potent than society imagines, but through inheritance. Said Dr. Rainsford at a recent meeting of the League for the Promotion of Social Purity in New York, speaking of vice among the children of the metropolis: "I have seen attempted immorality at an age you would not believe, and it is growing worse

every year." It cannot be otherwise if men are to transmit to children lawless and vicious passions and instincts. We may check to a certain degree the spread of vice by restrictive measures; but to bring civilization to a higher standard, we must go to the fountain-head. We must insist on an absolutely white life for two or a single standard of morals; and with this thought in view, we must insist on the education of the future resting on the granite of a broad ethical culture. We must build character from the kindergarten to the closing days of university life, bringing forth a manhood untainted by vice, intellectually cultured, physically trained, and morally developed; in a word, a true manhood, worthy to stand side by side with a pure and cultured womanhood in the battle for a diviner civilization.

INSPIRATION AND PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA AMONG OUR LATTER-DAY POETS.

In all ages the poets and prophets have felt more or less possessed by a power which seemed to come from beyond their conscious selves. The explanations of this extra-normal influence usually partook of the cast of thought of the age. In Greece, where polytheism and the belief in familiar spirits existed, we find Socrates discoursing with his demon or familiar spirit. In monotheistic Judea the prophets and poets of Israel attributed this strange power which led them to the highest altitude of mental and spiritual exaltation to the Spirit of God, albeit the Spirit did not always teach the same things, and at times repudiated what he had been represented as saying on prior occasions.*

In tracing history we are continually impressed with the fact that many of earth's noblest and finest natures profoundly believed themselves inspired or that they were at times controlled by or in communication with extra-mundane intelligences, which fired their souls with vital thoughts, and not unfrequently impelled them to do deeds of the most extraordinary character. Take, for example, Joan of Arc. No one can doubt the sincerity of that

* A striking illustration of this will be found by comparing the elaborate directions in Leviticus for shedding rivers of blood for burnt offerings, which, we are continually informed, was "a sweet savor unto the Lord," and the minute specification of elaborate feasts, rites, and ceremonials, "which I, the Lord, command." In the later prophets the spirit and teachings take on a radically different tone, as, for example, in Isaiah, first chapter, the prophet claims to be transcribing the words of the Lord, and declares: "I delight not in the blood of bullocks, or of lambs, or of he goats—incense is an abomination unto me; your new moons and your appointed feasts my soul hateth." Again compare Numbers xxiii. 19, "God is not a man that he should lie or the son of man that he should repent," also 1 Samuel xv. 29: "The strength of Israel will not lie, for He is not a man that He should repent," with the numerous passages describing how the Lord repented the deeds He did, for example, in this same chapter of 1 Samuel, xv. 35: "The Lord repented that he made Saul king over Israel."

wonderful shepherd girl, nor can it be denied that the visions of Saint Catherine and Saint Margaret were as real to her as was the person of the King of France. Furthermore, these visions and the words spoken transformed a timid, shrinking child nature into a military genius, whose whole being was electrified by that divine enthusiasm which infects other souls and is characteristic of those who are born for noble deeds, daring achievements, and heroic sufferings. Call her visions hallucinations if you will. They were to her absolute realities, and through conviction of these realities France was saved and the currents of the world's history changed.

In our own day the presence of this extra-normal power has been felt in a marked degree by many of our noblest poets and sweetest singers. In his admirable character sketch of Lord

LORD
TENNYSON'S PSYCHIC
POWERS.

Tennyson, Mr. W. T. Stead gives some exceedingly interesting information regarding the late Poet Laureate by which

we learn that Tennyson possessed clairaudient powers, and not unfrequently wrote his poems in a semi-trance. In other words, many of his finest creations were what would be termed inspirational verses. On this point Mr. Stead says: "He was habitually conscious of communion with spirits or intelligences not of this world. Whether these intelligences were disembodied spirits of mortals who had put on immortality, or whether they were intelligences never incarnate on this earth, Tennyson knows more to-day than he knew when he was still with us. It is understood that he believed that he wrote many of the best and truest lines under the direct influence of higher intelligences, of whose presence he was distinctly conscious. He felt them near him, and his mind was impressed with their ideas. He was, to use the technical term, a clairaudient and inspirational medium. He was not clairvoyant. These mystic influences came to him in the night season. They were heard in the voices of the wind. They made him write what he sometimes imperfectly understood, when in a state of mind that was perhaps not always distinguishable from trance." In the light of these facts Mr. Stead observes that many of Tennyson's poems take on new significance and interest, as, for example, these lines from "In Memoriam":—

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once it seemed at last
The living soul was flashed on mine.

And mine in this was wound and whirled,
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world.

VICTOR HUGO'S VIEWS
ON THE SPIRIT WORLD
AND IMMORTALITY.

Victor Hugo also believed that the lost loved ones surround us. "Console yourself," he said to a distracted mother who mourned the loss of her child; "for it is only a departure, and that for us alone. The dead are not even absent. They are invisible, but every time you think of the little one, she is near you."* Hugo also believed that men of genius were in a peculiar sense the sons of the Infinite; that into these chosen sons the divine influx entered in a greater degree than into the souls of the millions of earth. Somewhere in his work on Shakespeare, if I remember correctly, he compared the genius to the man who ascended the mountain while the multitude remains in the valley below. The rising sun mantles his brow while the people are yet in darkness. Again he likens him to Moses in Sinai. God descends, the brow of the genius is touched by a light which "never shone on land or sea."

His intuitive perceptions were also abnormally developed. He sensed a truth so strongly that it became a conviction as firmly rooted in his mind as any fact which confronted his physical senses. To him death was the laying aside of an old vesture for a finer robing, a promotion, a step upward, nothing more. On this point his intuitive perceptions were so pronounced as to leave him no room for doubt. They amounted to an absolute certainty, enabling him to confront the grave with a serene smile while he exclaimed: "I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest which has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous

* A very interesting description of some remarkable psychical phenomena witnessed at the Hauteville Home during the poet's exile have lately come to light in the Journal of Victor Hugo written by one of his sons. In the *Scribner Magazine* for November, 1892, Octave Uzanne gives some extracts from this Journal, in which we find the following description of the strange psychic power witnessed:—

"Victor Hugo used to hear in his chamber strange sounds. Sometimes papers would move all by themselves when there was no wind; sometimes he heard blows struck upon the wall; Charles Hugo and Francois Hugo, in the neighboring chamber, heard the same sound. In the night of the 22d of February, Victor Hugo, by chance, entered the *salon*, the two windows of which looked out upon the street. He saw neither fire in the chimney nor light upon the table. The servants were sleeping. Victor Hugo goes up to his chamber and goes to bed. At two o'clock in the morning Charles and Francois Hugo return. They see the windows of the *salon* illuminated, not only as if there were a great fire, but lighted candelabra. The two young men enter astonished, so astonished that, to clear up the thing—so luminous and so obscure at once—they try to open the door of the *salon*. It is locked. Francois Hugo goes to bed; Charles asks for the key from his mother and his sister, who do not know where it is. He hunts for it and finally finds it. Then he feels himself seized with a terror that he flees without daring to enter the *salon*."

At this passage in the "*Journal de l'Exil*" the table-tipping appears. Charles Hugo is surprised by these unaccustomed facts, and interrogates the table. The spirit present in that piece of furniture declares that her name is the White Lady, and she cannot say any more unless in the street, at three o'clock in the morning. Victor Hugo, to whom the thing was told, was not very brave; he found the hour and the place of rendezvous badly chosen. He preferred to remain at the house, and everybody else did the same. During the night, as often happened, Victor Hugo was still working when the bell rang violently. The poet instantly thought of the White Lady. He looked at his watch; it was just three o'clock in the morning. "Ghosts are punctual," he said.

sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal spring is in my heart, when I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets, and the roses, as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end, the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the woods, which invite me. It is marvellous yet simple. When I go down to the grave I can say, like many others, I have finished my day's work; but I cannot say I have finished my life. My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn." To the inner consciousness of the great poet this was no chimerical dream; it was a "Thus saith the Lord" as much as were the intuitional or inspirational thoughts to Israel's great prophet Isaiah.

This conviction of a life, at once perfectly natural and of eternal progression after death, is continually impressing itself upon the plastic brain of our noblest nineteenth-century poets, standing out in bold relief from the old-time convictions of two localities where life meant stagnation, and where the monotony of the saved would be only less tolerable than the endless agony of the unfortunates who, knowingly or unknowingly, had offended the Supreme Soul of Life and Love. Nor is this all. Many eminent modern poets seem to have been imbued with the conviction that the loved ones who had passed from their physical perception still surrounded them, and were, in fact, guardian angels. Even when they saw fit to make no prosaic avowal of this conviction, the presence and persistency of this thought frequently overwhelmed them when they entered the realm of poetry. Nor can it be said that they sought in these verses to court public favor; for the ideas as they have given them were denounced by conventional theology, scorned by popular conservatism, and sneered at by cynical science. Longfellow affords a striking illustration in point. In his poetry time and again we meet this thought; it seems to have forced its utterance in no uncertain strain at a time when it was hazardous for any poet to pen such sentiments. Thus, for example, we find him saying:—

The spirit world around this world of sense,
Floats like an atmosphere, and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air.

and again:—

The strangers at my fireside cannot see
The forms I see, nor hear the sounds I hear.

At another time this conviction seems to overmaster the poet,

for he pens such unconventional and heterodox views as the following:—

Then the form of the departed
Entered at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted
Come to visit me once more.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair behind me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saintlike
Looking downward from the skies.

Mrs. Louise Chandler-Moulton yields to this spell in one of her most charming poems. Helen Hunt Jackson put the same idea, somewhat more tentatively, in her rare poetic gem, "Our Angels." Thus we find she says:—

But they do come and go continually,
Our blessed angels, no less ours than His;
The blessed angels whom we think we miss;
Whose empty graves we weep to name or see,
And vainly watch, as once in Galilee
One, weeping, watched in vain,
Where her lost Christ had lain.

Whenever in some bitter grief we find,
All unawares, a deep, mysterious sense
Of hidden comfort come, we know not whence;
When suddenly we see, where we were blind;
Where we had struggled, are content, resigned;
Are strong where we were weak,—
And no more strive nor seek,—

Then we may know that from the far glad skies,
To note our need, the watchful God has bent,
And for our instant help has called and sent,
Of all our loving angels, the most wise
And tender one, to point to us where lies
The path that will be best,
The path of peace and rest.

We might multiply illustrations of this nature indefinitely if space permitted. At the present time, however, I merely wish to touch on some facts which must impress every thoughtful student of our latter-day poets.

<p>THE PSYCHICAL EXPERIENCES OF ALICE AND PHOEBE CARY.</p>	<p>Alice and Phoebe Cary, those two pure and beautiful sister souls whose lives will be a holy inspiration, and whose verses will make men purer and women lovelier as long as our literature shall last, not only believed most profoundly that</p>
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their beloved dead were around them, but often beheld visions or apparitions. So frequent in later years were these appearances that Phoebe said: "I know that the dead come back just as I know I think, or see, or know anything else. It is no more wonderful to me that I should see and perceive with my soul, than I am able to discern objects through my eyeballs." On one occasion when Alice was fifty years old, speaking of her favorite little sister Rhoda, who passed from life when she was only fourteen years, she said: "I have never to this day lost consciousness of the presence of that child." Both the sisters beheld at intervals the apparition of their sisters. I cannot forbear citing here one of the most extraordinary objective apparitions on record, which Alice Cary was wont to give when describing the wonderful experiences which came into their lives. This story is valuable because it was witnessed by a number of persons and cannot therefore be dismissed as a subjective hallucination. It is also

ALICE CARY'S
WONDERFUL
GHOST STORY.

interesting to note that in this case the vision, which in broad daylight was so real as to deceive all members of the

family who witnessed it, occurred *before* the children died. This is the story as related by Alice:—

"The new house was just finished, but we had not moved into it. There had been a violent shower; father had come home from the field, and everybody had come in out of the rain. I think it was about four in the afternoon when the storm ceased and the sun shone out. The new house stood on the edge of a ravine, and the sun was shining full upon it, when some one in the family called out and asked how Rhoda and Lucy came to be over in the new house and the door open. Upon this all the family rushed to the front door, and there, across the ravine, in the open door of the new house, stood Rhoda with Lucy in her arms. Some one said, 'She must have come from the sugar camp, and has taken shelter there, with Lucy, from the rain.' Upon this another called out, 'Rhoda!' but she did not answer. While we were gazing and talking and calling, Rhoda herself came downstairs, where she had left Lucy fast asleep, and stood with us while we all saw in the full blaze of the sun the form with the child in her arms slowly sink, sink, sink into the ground, until she disappeared from sight. Then a great silence fell upon us all. In our hearts we all believed it to be a warning of sorrow—of what, we knew not. When Rhoda and Lucy both died, then we knew. Rhoda died the next autumn, November 11; Lucy a month later, Dec. 10, 1833. Father went directly over to the house and out into the road, but no human being, and not even a track could be seen. Lucy," continued Alice Cary in her narrative, "has been seen many times since by different members

of the family, in the same house, always in a red frock, like one she was fond of wearing; the last time by my brother Warren's little boy, who had never heard the story. He came running in, saying that he had seen a little girl upstairs, in a red dress."

It is not strange that the belief grounded on these repeated visions and the intuitive perception of these unusually fine and highly spiritual natures frequently found expression in verses reflecting the convictions of their souls. Space prevents my pursuing this subject further. Enough has been said, however, to indicate a fascinating line of study for those interested in occult subjects. It is not unfrequently the case that what the poets and prophets of one age perceive and more or less vaguely sing, becomes, in the hands of scientific and prosaic investigators, established and accepted truths in the succeeding age; and judging from the interest leading scientific thinkers are now evincing in the realm of psychical science, and the fair, sympathetic spirit which is taking the place of the supercilious and hostile attitude characteristic of other days, it is highly probable that the hour is at hand which shall revolutionize the thought of the world along these lines. I cannot close this paper without quoting the wise

VICTOR HUGO'S VIEWS ON PSYCHICAL INVESTIGATION. words, exhibiting the truly scientific spirit, uttered by Victor Hugo at a time when it was considered almost disreputable for a man, who made any claim to intelligence and learning, to investigate psychical phenomena. At this period Hugo said:—

"Credulous minds believe blindly all mysteries; sceptical minds deny them all; great minds are serious in the presence of mystery, in presence of the night, in presence of the unknown. They do not say absolutely, Yes; they do not absolutely say, No. Great minds do not affirm as the credulous do, but they do not deny as the sceptical."*

Again in his work on William Shakespeare he dwells on the same thought more explicitly:—

"The table, turning or talking, has been very much laughed at. To speak plainly, this raillery is out of place. To replace inquiry by mockery is convenient, but not very scientific. For our part, we think that the strict duty of science is to test all phenomena. Science is ignorant, and has no right to laugh; a *savant* who laughs at the possible is very near being an idiot. The unexpected ought always to be expected by science. Her duty is to stop it in its course and search it, rejecting the chimerical, establishing the real. Science should verify and distinguish. All human knowledge is but picking and culling. The circumstance that the false is mingled with the true furnished no excuse for

* *Scribner's Magazine*.

rejecting the whole mass. When was the tare an excuse for refusing the corn? Hoe out the weed error, but reap the fact, and place it beside others. Science is the sheaf of facts. The mission of science is to study and sound everything. All of us, according to our degree, are creditors of investigation; we are its debtors also. It is due to us, and we owe it to others. To evade a phenomenon, to refuse to pay it that attention to which it has a right, to bow it out, to show it the door, to turn our back on it laughing, is to make truth a bankrupt, and to leave the signature of science to be protested. The phenomenon of the table is entitled, like anything else, to investigation. Psychic science will gain by it without doubt. Let us add, that to abandon phenomena to credulity is to commit treason against human reason."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THE SEQUEL TO EVOLUTION.*

THERE can be no higher nor more important field of intellectual effort than that embraced in the unfolding of the continuity and harmony which really exist between science and religion. To make clear the definitions of these terms as here employed, we may represent science as a fully ascertained knowledge of facts interpreted in their principles, relations, causes, and effects; by religion, moral and spiritual verities, inclusive of everything that is intrinsic and divine in character, but not necessarily embracing traditionalism, dogma, nor ritual. It will be a glorious achievement when the fact has been wrought into human consciousness that all that is true in science, all that is vital in nature, and everything intrinsic in religion are only different aspects or sides of one grand whole. It is being learned that the evolutionary philosophy is the magic key which interprets, not only all materialistic and sentient phenomena, but ethical, sociological, moral, and spiritual development as well. The higher evolution essays to trace and bring to light the natural laws of the spiritual world on a fuller and more rational basis than that which was formulated by Professor Drummond in his celebrated work which attracted so much attention a few years since. It transforms chaos into cosmos, chance into law, and sets disconnected facts into a great mosaic of harmonious unity and design. It illumines the problem of the purpose, prospective, and destiny of man. It silences the walls of pessimism, and projects sublime ideals into the field of human vision. By the clear light of its well-fortified logic it lifts regeneration out of its irrational and supernatural aspect—destitute of caused relations, except divine favoritism—into a visible, natural, and scientific process of spiritual evolution.

To bring these supreme principles into general recognition is a great work; and as a vigorous and intelligent effort in this direction, Mrs. Lang's book will take a high rank. She brings to the task, not only evidences of a well-trained intellectual equipment, but also proof of a keen, intuitional, and spiritual perception. It is also plain that she is not unfamiliar with science in its more popular sense. As a general basis, she takes the work of Professor Le Conte, the most eminent evolutionist in America, and extends and elaborates its philosophy. Standing on the terrace erected by him, she reaches onward and upward by a true, inductive method.

Too great credit can hardly be given to Darwin, Huxley, and Wallace,

* "Son of Man; or, the Sequel to Evolution." By Celestia Root Lang. Cloth; pp. 282; price, \$1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

as specialists, for their most thorough and profound researches in materialistic evolution. With wonderful accuracy of detail and finish, they constructed the lower stories of the great edifice. They dug deep to lay its foundations, but even in imagination they hardly looked forward to behold the beauty of the spires, statues, and finials which would yet adorn its roof, and stand out in bold outline against the blue azure above. In the meantime Herbert Spencer, in his synthetic philosophy, broadened, built higher, and unified. Mounting above the materialistic specialism of Darwin, who seemed color-blind to everything but matter, Spencer possessed an amazing power of generalization, and widened the evolutionary scope indefinitely. Starting with the accumulated materials of the English scientists, Professor Le Conte, in his "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought," followed the bright lines of orderly progression into the realms of human rationality, morality, and spirituality, finding at the apex the typical, divine man, the Christ.

Mrs. Lang, taking all this rich heritage of capital, still broadens, beautifies, and elaborates. Her clear, spiritual insight discovers many fine harmonies, supports, and correspondences which her more intellectual and scientific predecessors have missed. To the careless or superficial reader her writing, in places, may seem a trifle involved; but the delver and searcher after truth will find himself rewarded with real treasure. It deals with that which is intensely vital. Some seeming repetition of fundamental statements is evidently due to a desire to present them in their different relations or settings.

The three general parts or subdivisions of the work are entitled, respectively: First, *Psychic Evolution*; second, *Psychic Evolution and Material Evolution*; and third, *Man's Place in Nature*. These general parts are further subdivided into eighteen chapters in all, each fitting into the general plan of the whole. The theme, being in the nature of an inductive generalization, is practically unlimited in its scope. A great majority of writers are analytical rather than synthetic; but the generalizing and unifying are well done in this work. Those who have been interested in material and organic evolution only—or mainly—should not fail to carefully examine this grander evolution of evolution. It does not undo past attainment, but rounds it out in all its inter-relations, and leads onward in the path already begun. The style is logical rather than assumptive, scientific rather than metaphysical.

Mrs. Lang thoroughly elaborates the doctrine of the "correlation of forces," now indeed firmly established by the apostles of materialism. She interprets the "forces of nature," i. e., divine energy, as different forms or planes of manifestation, of one and the same thing. Disclaiming anything pantheistic, she beholds God's immanence in all nature, not merely as force, but as infinite power, intelligent will and law, working to a definite and beneficent purpose. To the generally conceded five great evolutionary planes is added a sixth, which is denominated the psychic or "Christ plane"—the highest embodiment of spirit. She

suggests a seventh—the plane of pure unembodied spirit. This includes the eternal absolute substance—the unmanifested Deity. The sixth, or Christ plane, is the acme of human aspiration, the highest of individual embodiment. Theology becomes scientific when it is studied in the light of its relations. Mrs. Lang thereby emancipates it from unrelated supernaturalism, and gives it a normal place and foundation. The psychic, or Christ plane, is brought into close and vital relation with all the inferior planes. It is their prophecy, goal, and culmination. The comprehensive breadth of the “Christ principle” theory is the essential identity of the laws of material and psychic evolution.

The great method of scientific research she finds to be by comparison. Thus biology, as interpreted in recent times, has become a true, inductive science. The method of comparison translates and illumines. Under its keen analysis, anatomy becomes scientific through comparative anatomy, embryology through comparative embryology, sociology through comparative sociology, and likewise psychology is interpreted by its connections, especially by the steps leading up to it.

Within the limits of an ordinary review it is impossible to give such a condensed impression of Mrs. Lang's book as will fairly convey its full spirit and significance. A few quotations, although taken out of their connections, may aid in so doing, and be of interest:—

The world is divine in a state of becoming; the divine, or Christ in man, in and through which the divine in the world is to be consummated.

When spirit comes to birth in us we can live and work as naturally on the Christ plane under the Christ theory as we could on the rational plane under the old theories. As individuals we are no longer under the old dispensation, but have come into the *new or Christ dispensation*.

We know God through the desire which like feels for like. The divinity within feels its affinity with Deity, and the divinity revealed in nature. “This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the true God, and the Christ whom thou has sent;” that is, *produced*.

Will not psychology become truly scientific only through comparative psychology, i. e., by the study of the soul of man in relation to what corresponds to it in lower animals? Will not Christology become truly scientific only through comparative Christology, i. e., by the study of the spirit of God in relation to what corresponds to it in man?

The vital principle of plants, the anima or soul of animals, and the soul of human beings are but different stages of the development of the Christ principle in the womb of nature. Ages upon ages passed away: *finally in man it came to birth*. In plants, animals, and in the soul of human beings it was in deep embryo sleep—in the latter quickened, indeed, but not viable—still unconscious of spirit individuality, incapable of independent life, with physical, umbilical connection with nature; but now at last in man, the completed Christ principle, separated from nature, becomes capable of independent life, the Christ-man is born into a new and higher plane of existence. Separated, but not wholly, nature is no longer *gestative* mother, but still *nursing* mother of spirit. As the *organic embryo* at birth reaches independent material or temporal life, even so *spirit embryo* by birth attains independent spiritual or eternal life, and thus becomes a new creature.

Without spirit immortality the cosmos has no meaning. It is equally evident that *without this gestative method of creation of spirit* the whole geological history of the earth previous to man would have no meaning. If man's spirit were made at once out

of hand, i. e., a gift of the Holy Ghost, why all this elaborate preparation by evolution of the organic kingdom?

If immortality is the goal of psychic evolution, and completed psychic evolution is only attained in a divine or Christ man, then it follows that immortality is attained only in a man in whom spirit embryo has come to birth. Material evolution finds its goal in man; and psychic evolution in a divine or Christ man; the Christ man being the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of psychic evolution.

Evolution bears the same relation to biology as psychic evolution bears to Christology. The doctrine of evolution as applied to biology means the derivative origin of species; the doctrine of psychic evolution as applied to Christology means the derivative origin of spirit.

Evolution is progression in *life*, or divine energy, and not in matter. All the great steps are different qualities of attained internal character—purely psychical. Matter never progresses, which proves that it is only a form of expression. The atoms which form the body of a human being are the same that have made up the body of a plant or animal. The progression is in the immaterial, divine energy. It is important that this great distinction be preserved, for thereby the sophistry of materialism is exposed. Every kind of life, i. e., divine energy, grows. For the individual and the race, life is becoming higher, broader, richer, diviner; and this law of progress—evolution of force, or psychic evolution—is eternal.

As with the Copernican astronomy and the Darwinian biology, with the Christ-principle theory, i. e., Christology, we rise to a higher view of the workings of God and the psychical nature of man than was ever attainable before. So far as degrading the Son of man, or spirit organism, as attested by the life of Jesus and Paul, or putting it on a level with humanity in general, the Christ-principle theory shows us distinctly for the first time how the creation of man and the perfecting of the spirit organism, i. e., spiritual man or Son of man, is the goal towards which the psychical has all the while been tending. It enlarges a hundred-fold the significance of human life, places it upon even a loftier eminence than poets or prophets have imagined, and makes it seem more than ever the principal object of that creative activity which is manifested in the psychical universe.

There is nothing more conducive to mental enlargement and enrichment than a study of the evolutionary philosophy. This unique and thought-stimulating work can be cordially recommended, and even if some of the positions taken do not command ready assent, the earnest reader will find himself, not only greatly interested, but also helped and uplifted.

HENRY WOOD.

A PERPLEXED PHILOSOPHER.*

Some time ago the rumor went abroad that Mr. Henry George was at work upon a reply to Mr. Spencer's latest volume, entitled, "The Ethics of Social Life—Justice." It was known that the great philosopher had in this work repudiated his earlier views upon the land question, expressed in "Social Statics," and something in the nature of an arraignment was expected from the pen of Mr. George.

The friends whom the great author of "Progress and Poverty" has gathered about him, as well as that wider public, which he has won for

* "A Perplexed Philosopher: being an examination of Mr. Herbert Spencer's Various Utterances on the Land Question, with some Incidental Reference to his Synthetic Philosophy." By Henry George. Cloth; pp. 319. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co. of New York.

himself in all lands, will not be disappointed by "A Perplexed Philosopher." It is a complete showing-up of Mr. Spencer's gradual repudiation of the doctrine of equal rights to the use of the earth. His shifts and subterfuges are laid bare with trenchant analysis. From the opening quotation of Browning's "Just for a handful of silver he left us. . . " to the merciless conclusion, it is as though Mr. George had turned on an electric search light.

The necessity for this arraignment springs from Mr. Spencer's pre-eminence as a profound, original, and authoritative thinker. His declarations upon a given subject naturally exert a tremendous influence, and any changes of opinion of course challenge widespread comment. In reality, the only objection to Mr. Spencer's recantation, which Mr. George has to make, is that the philosopher resorts to mis-statements in shifting his position. It is not the fact of the repudiation in itself, but the manner in which it has been accomplished, that calls forth condemnation.

"A Perplexed Philosopher" consists of three parts, entitled respectively: Declaration, Repudiation, and Recantation. An Introduction states the reasons for this examination, and a Conclusion points the moral.

In his first book, "Social Statics," published in 1850, Mr. Spencer says in Chapter IX., "The Right to the Use of the Earth": "Given a race of beings having like claims to pursue the objects of their desires—given a world adapted to the gratification of those desires—a world into which such beings are similarly born, and it unavoidably follows that they have equal right to the use of this world." And in the next paragraph: "Equity, therefore, does not permit property in land."

There is no mistaking Mr. Spencer's meaning. From these premises the single tax follows in logical sequence, inevitably and naturally. How was it, then, that in 1883 the philosopher was led to repudiate these views, and in 1892 to publish a complete recantation?

Here we are admitted for a moment behind the scenes of the book trade. "Social Statics," it appears, had a small and slow circulation, and actually went out of print in England after ten years, without having attracted any general attention. In the United States, however, thanks to the efforts of Professor E. L. Youmans, D. Appleton & Co. of New York brought out an edition in 1864, which met with considerable success.

"Progress and Poverty" was first published in the United States in 1879. It "was received by the English press, as all such books are at first, in silence, or with brief derision. Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., who first published it in England, in sheets brought from the United States, were on publication able to sell only twenty copies in all three kingdoms. But ere long it began to make its way, and when, towards the close of August, 1882, a sixpenny edition was issued, it began to sell in tens and scores of thousands. . . ."

In August, 1882, Mr. Spencer visited the United States; and when he returned to England, he found the land question being eagerly discussed on every hand. In January, 1883, the *Edinburgh Review* contained a review of "Progress and Poverty," which referred to Mr. Spencer's utterances on the land question in "Social Statics." It was this which called forth the philosopher's first repudiation of the doctrine of equal rights to the use of the earth. In a letter to the *St. James' Gazette*, a London Tory journal, he took the first step in that gradual retreat which has exposed him to Mr. George's searching examination. It was not a straightforward repudiation, but an attempt to seek shelter "behind ifs and buts, perhapses and it-may-bes, and the implication of untruths." Incidentally, he refers to "Progress and Poverty" as "a work which I closed after a few minutes, on finding how visionary were its ideas."

Mr. George does not hesitate to accuse the philosopher of hypocrisy and crookedness. "From an unknown man, printing with difficulty an unsalable book, he had become a popular philosopher, to whom all gratifications of sense, as of intellect, were open. He had tasted the sweets of London society, and in the United States, from which he had just returned, had been hailed as a thinker beside whom Newton and Aristotle were to be mentioned only to point his superiority. . . . So when the *St. James'* and the *Edinburgh*, both of them chosen organs of Sir John and his Grace, accused Herbert Spencer of being one of these, it was to him like the voices of the accusing damsels to Peter. Fearing, too, that he might be thrust out in the cold, he, too, sought refuge in an alibi."

And so the programme of repudiation was acted out to its shameful end, from the Curtain Raiser in the letter to the *St. James'* to the Drop of the Curtain in "Justice." In 1884 appeared "The Man *versus* the State." In 1889 Mr. Spencer found himself involved in a new controversy on account of a reference made to "Social Statics," in a public interview between Mr. John Morley, M. P., and a labor organization. Mr. Laidler, a bricklayer, quoted Mr. Spencer as favorable to land nationalization. An account of this interview appeared in the *Times* of November 5. The philosopher, now truly perplexed, wrote to the great newspaper: "All this was said in the belief that the questions raised were not likely to come to the front in our time or for many generations." . . . This reveals a sort of ethics which Mr. George aptly describes as *Pickwickian*. But the answer was not considered satisfactory. Professor Huxley, Mr. Laidler, and others, asked him all sorts of pertinent and impertinent questions in the *Times*. The philosopher, more and more perplexed, wrote two letters in which he virtually admitted the accusations, and begged his tormentors to change the subject.

Finally, in 1892, the old version of "Social Statics," which had been appearing all these years in spite of Mr. Spencer's repudiation, was

withdrawn, and a revised edition issued, which left out all that had originally been said about the relation of man to the earth. The transformation was complete; the philosopher had now become hopelessly perplexed.

So much for the changed attitude of Mr. Spencer in regard to the land question. One is less favorably impressed with Mr. George's criticism of his Synthetic Philosophy as a whole. In Chapter III. of Part III., the Spencerian system is subjected to a brilliant attack, in which Mr. George's marvellous command of illustration, his logical composition, and wide reading are made manifest; and yet one feels that the philosopher has been treated somewhat shabbily.

Mr. George calls the Synthetic Philosophy materialistic, and with justice. It is incomplete, because it relegates the First Cause into the Unknowable. But may it not be right as far as it goes? Is it necessarily false if it stops short of the original impulse, and studies only the interactions of matter and motion? Surely, if there be some supreme Intelligence and Will, it must have stamped its laws upon matter and motion. A mere materialist would, therefore, be able to discover them by the study of nature alone. Mr. Spencer may not have said the final word, but he has thrown such light upon the evolution of men and institutions as no other philosopher of our day.

Throughout the book Mr. George is careful to quote his adversary in full, in order to avoid future complaints. A feature, which is almost amusing, are the quotations from Spencer's writings affixed to each part. They are made to convict the philosopher in his own words. As for the parody on Principal Brown, it is a piece of unexpected humor to cap the climax. There is not the same gentleness, so noticeable in the "Letter to the Pope," for this time Mr. George is dealing with hypocrisy, not with lack of information. One wonders what Mr. Spencer can possibly say to all this.

On the whole "A Perplexed Philosopher" will take high rank amongst those masterpieces on economics which Mr. George has issued. It is virtually an able defence of the single-tax doctrine which is making steady headway, and is rapidly approaching the moment when it will enter into national politics. Indirect taxation, that but a few years ago seemed immovably fixed in our body politic, has already fallen into disfavor. Direct taxation will take its place, and the single tax will survive triumphant by natural selection.

W. D. McCrackan.

IN ARCTIC SEAS.*

One of the most superb volumes I have received in months, is this story of Arctic adventure written by Dr. Robert N. Keely, surgeon of

* "In Arctic Seas." A narrative of the voyage of the Kite with the Peary expedition to North Greenland. By Robert N. Keely M. D., and G. G. Davis, A. M., M. D., M. R. C. S. Richly illustrated, bound in white vellum, stamped in gold. Price, \$3.50. Published by Rufus C. Hartranft, Philadelphia, Penn.

the Peary expedition, sent by the Academy of National Science, and G. G. Davis, A. M., M. D., etc.

The style of the authors is exceptionally appropriate for a work of this character, being simple, direct, and though scholarly in no sense pedantic. From the first day at sea the interest of the reader never lags. An immense amount of valuable information is given regarding the nature, habits, and peculiarities of the Esquimaux, as well as the natural features of this land of perpetual ice. Many readers will be astonished to find that the party suffered greatly from mosquitoes, when less than a thousand miles from the North Pole. The descriptions of flowers carpeting patches of land where the snow had melted, such as golden poppies, buttercups, numerous white and blue flowers, which abounded in great profusion, will astonish many persons who regard the Arctic region as mantled in snow and ice. Indeed, the general reader will constantly meet with surprises, as well as find many pages thrilling in interest. The volume is richly illustrated by photogravures selected from two thousand photographs taken during the voyage, and it also has a reproduction in color from an Esquimaux lithograph, and a page of an Esquimaux newspaper. "In Arctic Seas" will make a valuable addition to the library, and is published at a remarkably low price. Most volumes of the same size and cost of manufacture, retail for almost double the publisher's price for this magnificent work.

B. O. FLOWER.

LIFE OF CHRISTIAN RAUCH.*

Well-written biography has for me a special interest; for aside from the charm and information relating to the central figures, it gives us an insight into society, habits, customs, and the spirit of the age in which the subjects moved not obtainable in the most elaborate histories; while beyond and above this, I see the potential value of this form of literature in moulding the lives of the young, and inspiring sensitive and recipient natures with exalted aspirations. If the stories of noble lives could be made more popular, they would prove a valuable aid to the forces making for a nobler civilization. The life of Christian Rauch in the hands of one so capable as Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney becomes an inspiration. Few biographers have the fine spiritual nature which enables them to enter into perfect *rapport* with the subject in hand, and thus bring before the mental retina a real breathing man with hopes, aspirations, faults, and virtues, — a man we feel was more than a puppet. Mrs. Cheney possesses this rare power; she makes us feel the presence and know the nature of her characters, as though they were indeed of our own circle of friends. The prosaic quality is present, — that is, a

* "Life of Christian Daniel Rauch of Berlin, Germany, Sculptor of Monument of Queen Louise, Frederick the Great, etc." By Ednah D. Cheney, with portraits and half-tone illustrations of the sculptor's masterpieces. Cloth; pp. 332; price, \$2. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

rigid adherence to facts, — but over it floats the atmosphere of real life, brought out by a delicately sensitive, and highly spiritualized nature. There are no dull pages in the book, and many of the chapters have the charm of a powerful romance. The sketch of Queen Louise is one of the most charming brief biographies I have read in years, and forms a fitting introduction to the absorbingly interesting history of Rauch's wonderful marble dream, from its inception until it materialized in a piece of sculpture, which was recognized as one of the finest works of modern art, being at once a harmonious blending of classical and realistic conceptions.

The chapter on Rauch and Goethe is particularly interesting. Of the influence exerted by the great poet on the sculptor, Mrs. Cheney says:—

“The influence of Goethe and Rauch was mutually beneficial. Rauch was indeed mainly the recipient, since his artistic life began when Goethe was in the perfection of his powers, and he drank in the teachings of Goethe as the flowers the rain. Goethe's devotion to classic culture gave inspiration to the young sculptor's thought and works. The true relation of the ideal and the real was with both the great problem of art.” The closing chapter deals with Rauch's School and influence on modern art. It is suggestive and exceedingly valuable, especially to the student of art, and those interested in the rise of sculpture in America. It is difficult, however, to indicate the most interesting passages of this superb volume, as from first to last the story in Mrs. Cheney's hands holds the reader enthralled. B. O. FLOWER.

POEMS BY HELEN JACKSON.*

One of the most unostentatious and beautiful characters among eminent literary Americans was Helen Hunt Jackson, and her poems are like the author—pure, sincere, and true to the best or divinest inspirations of the illumined heart. No one can read these poems without catching some of the pure, sweet soul of the author. It is a book which will refine, sweeten, and spiritualize all who read it, and it is difficult to award higher praise than this to any work. Mrs. Jackson, better known as H. H., was one of those highly spiritual natures peculiarly the product of nineteenth-century civilization, the children of the larger hope of our time, and the wider freedom granted to women of to-day. Her soul blossomed, and its fragrance has filled our land. Perhaps by her famous novel she will be best known; but those who love the outgoings of a delicately humane heart will cherish her poems as rare possessions even in an age which has given us much that is very fine. I find myself tempted to quote extensively from this volume, for on almost every page I find a gem. I will, however, confine

* Poems by Helen Jackson, richly illustrated; gilt edge; pp. 266; price, \$3. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

my extracts to two poems. In the following lines we catch a glimpse of the shadow which falls sooner or later over every threshold.

THE PRINCE IS DEAD.

A room in the palace is shut. The king
And the queen are sitting in black.
All day weeping servants will run and bring,
But the heart of the queen will lack
All things; and the eyes of the king will swim
With tears which must not be shed,
But will make all the air float dark and dim,
As he looks at each gold and silver toy,
And thinks how it gladdened the royal boy,
And dumbly writhes while the courtiers read
How all the nations his sorrow heed.

The prince is dead.

The hut has a door, but the hinge is weak,
And to-day the wind blows it back;
There are two sitting there who do not speak;
They have begged a few rags of black;
They are hard at work, though their eyes are wet
With tears that must not be shed;
They dare not look where the cradle is set;
They hate the sunbeam which plays on the floor,
But will make the baby laugh out no more;
They feel as if they were turning to stone;
They wish the neighbors would leave them alone.

The prince is dead.

Mrs. Jackson loved Cheyenne Mountain with true poetic passion; and these lines, dedicated to the noble sentinel of the ages, which was destined through her wish to hold the ashes of her mortal body, express the outgushings of the poet's soul.

CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN.

By easy slope to west, as if it had
No thought, when first its soaring was begun,
Except to look devoutly to the sun,
It rises and has risen, until glad.
With light as with a garment, it is clad,
Each dawn, before the tardy plains have won
One ray; and after day has long been done
For us, thy light doth cling reluctant, sad to leave its brow.
Beloved mountain, I
Thy worshipper, as thou the sun's, each morn
My dawn, before the dawn, receive from thee;
And think, as thy rose-tinted peaks I see,
That thou wert great when Homer was not born.
And ere thou change all human song shall die!

The volume is handsomely gotten up, containing a fine portrait of the author, full-page pictures of Ralph Waldo Emerson and Charlotte Cushman, and almost a score of admirable full-page illustrations, printed on plate paper, from artistic drawings made expressly for the work by Emile Byard.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE POEMS OF PHILIP BURK MARSTON.*

Another notable volume of poems recently published by the same house (Roberts Brothers) represents the life work of the gifted young English poet Philip Burk Marston. The poems in this work have been edited by Mrs. Louise Chandler-Moulton, who contributes a critical but sympathetic biographical sketch of the brilliant but ill-starred poet. This sketch greatly enhances the value of the book, being written in Mrs. Moulton's charming style, and pervaded by the poetic atmosphere which characterizes so much of her work. Philip Marston seemed pursued by a cruel fate; endowed with wonderful gifts, he was hampered from babyhood by loss of sight, while in after years grief after grief followed in rapid succession. He had scarcely recovered from one affliction before another cruel blow fell; and thus he blindly wandered through life, while around him fell one by one all most dear to him. His mother was the first to go, next his affianced bride, then his favorite sister, later his other sister; he followed when only thirty-seven years of age. It is not strange that most of his poems are painfully sad; indeed, his is a voice emerging from the shadow of the willow, singing to hearts which are crushed by grief. He is Sorrow's poet; and for this reason his poems, in spite of their high merit, will not be popular; for men and women suffer so much themselves, and see so much wretchedness on every side, that unless the hand of fate rests heavily on their brows, they shrink from the depressing influence of grief-laden lays, and these poems are undeniably depressing; their very excellence adds to the gloom which they cast across the soul. There are many sonnets in this work of great power and beauty; and notwithstanding the fact that most of the poems are pitched in a minor key, the general excellence of the work will, I think, secure for it a permanent place in literature.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE GOLDEN BOTTLE.†

The sale of "Cæsar's Column" has passed the one-hundred-and-fifty thousandth mark, and the work is still in demand. It is a wonderful story; a vivid portrayal of a bloody drama, which will be the logical and inevitable result of a few more decades of merciless oppression of the individual millions by government and individuals, which has characterized the rise of plutocracy in recent years; the government being culpable, as well as individuals, because the deplorable social conditions of to-day are so largely the direct result of class legislation and the corrupt control of legislative and official bodies by unscrupulous and cunning individuals. "Cæsar's Column" sounded the tocsin of alarm — a phantasy or prophecy, according to the point of view occupied by the reader; but

* Poems by Philip Burk Marston, with biographical sketch by Louise Chandler-Moulton. Cloth; pp. 496. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

† "The Golden Bottle." By Ignatius Donnelly. Published by D. D. Merrill & Co., St. Paul, Minn., and New York. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50c.; pp. 312.

it was also a disquieting vision, a nightmare, whose vividness could not fail to impress every reader, and awaken the serious thoughts of those who hitherto had been carelessly drifting with the tide. But with all its power, its vividness, and its unique quality, "Cæsar's Column" was depressing; it painted the abyss and, what is more, *humanity in the abyss*; it pictured universal destruction as a result of tyranny, craft, and selfishness. The climax reached in "Cæsar's Column" was a civilization-wide reign of terror, the legitimate fruit of man's inhumanity to man.

In Mr. Donnelly's new book we have a no less remarkable illustration of the author's marvellous imagination; but instead of ruin, we find a transformed world through wisdom, unselfishness, and broad statesmanship. It pictures the zenith of humanity's well being, as "Cæsar's Column" painted the nadir. The story lacks in literary finish; indeed, no one is more conscious of this defect than the author, who in his preface observes:—

"I am well aware that it is without that polish and elaboration which should always distinguish literary work. It was hurriedly written, much of it on my knee, in railroad cars, and at country hotels, in the interval between campaign speeches."

But in spite of this defect the unique character of the story will enthrall the readers who care simply for a fascinating romance; while for those who are profoundly interested in the well being of the toiling millions, and who are seeking to emancipate them from the thralldom of capitalistic oppression, this book will possess a double charm. It reveals, in the form of an absorbing romance, the cause of a large per cent of our present evil social conditions, and points the way out. It is bold and direct. It does not cringe before plutocracy or grovel at the feet of a plutocratic press. It evinces that magnificent courage which commands admiration, and which without fear or favor states facts as they exist. It forcibly and clearly sets forth the obstacles which confront the triumph of the people, and all this is told in the guise of a story. The hero is a veritable Monte Cristo, but he employs his wealth in the sacred cause of justice. His every energy is used for the emancipation of the wretched and the transformation of the world.

The story opens in a mortgage-cursed county in Kansas. The condition of the farmer struggling against an adverse fate is vividly portrayed; as, for example, this simple description of supper after the notice of foreclosure had been received at the home of his hero:—

No one spoke that night at supper. Mother was crying softly. Father looked the curses he did not speak. I sat at the foot of the table, furious at my own helplessness. The meagre meal was despatched quickly. Our thoughts turned to the future. The future! It was like looking into the mouth of Hell. Oh, how many bitter hearts are there in this world!

I went out and talked to the stars as usual. But it was in vain. Useless was it to look to that quarter for help. I would go and hire out in the great city. But what could I do? The great city! The great maw that swallows up the wretchedness of the country and makes it greater.

Overcome with wretchedness, the hero seeks his little attic room and cries himself to sleep. Suddenly an old man appears with broad brow and wondrously sweet face; he was enveloped in light. The boy springs up, inquiring who the stranger is. "*The Pity of God*," replies the unknown, who then proceeds to transform iron into gold by putting a drop from a flask in water, and immersing iron in the liquid. The flask is left with the boy; upon this turns the tide of fortune. Possessed with his wonderful flask, the youth becomes a veritable Monte Cristo. A thread of love now enters the woof of romance. Then a vivid sidelight is turned on the helplessness of girls who depend for life on their earnings when they fall in the toils of vicious employers.

The hero's wife evinces the strength of mind and conviction of a twentieth-century young woman. As the story proceeds the true inwardness of the gold power is revealed. The possibilities, by the disappearance of debt, of national prosperity and the development of character among the millions, are powerfully portrayed in such a way that the interest of the reader never for a moment lags. The question of money, governmental ownership of railways, and other leading reform measures are powerfully presented. This book will be sneered at by those who are interested in maintaining the present unjust economic and political conditions; for it reveals in a startling manner some of the prime causes of the misery of the millions to-day, while it indicates with equal clearness some of the needed reforms. It does more: it unmasks the batteries of the enemy; that is, it shows the line of policy which plutocracy will pursue to prevent the triumph of justice for the industrial millions. If one million copies of this book can be circulated during the next four years among the Farmers' Alliance, the Industrial Legion, the Knights of Labor, the Federated Trades, and kindred organizations, I believe it will make the triumph of the people inevitable at the next great national contest. From a literary point of view, as I before noted, the work is defective; there are many phrases in this work far more forcible than elegant. But as a dream it is remarkable in an age when it almost seems as though all vital thinkers had become dreamers. As a work of fiction it is fascinating from cover to cover. As a teacher of social, political, and economic reforms it is one of the most effective books of our time. As a foreshadowing of what might be accomplished in the transforming of the world by infusing justice into the veins of government, it should command the attention of all earnest reformers.

B. O. FLOWER.

THE SECRET OF NARCISSE.*

Edmund Gosse's romance, "*The Secret of Narcisse*," is a scholarly work, exhibiting the high order of literary excellence one naturally expects from this author, but the story is indescribably sad in its closing scenes.

*"*The Secret of Narcisse*." A Romance by Edmund Gosse. Price, \$1. Published by Tait Sons & Co., Union Square, New York City, N. Y.

It is a tragedy of life which illustrates well the danger of permitting religious bigotry and superstition to permeate the public mind or weave their coils around the state. The time of the romance is 1548. The scene is laid in Bar-le-Duc. The hero carefully guards a secret even from his affianced, who becomes jealous; and hearing a zither accompanying her lover's lute, she climbs up a vine and peers into the window. It is twilight, but she sees Narcisse bend over a form. This arouses her jealousy; she joins the superstitious rabble in accusing her lover of witchcraft. He is arrested. The fact that his secret was a wonderful piece of mechanism, in the form of a marvellously carved figure which automatically played the zither, only served to convince the ignorant inhabitants of the village that he had been having intercourse with Satan. The power to create or make such a marvel was proof palpable. His condemnation to death follows, and the wonderful piece of mechanism is destroyed.

STORIES FROM THE GREEK COMEDIANS.*

A work of the nature of the above is valuable, and should enjoy an extensive circulation, for in our busy age comparatively few people who are denied the privilege of a college education have time to study the literary masterpieces of the various ages. Many, however, have the disposition, and will find the time to gain from such works as Professor Church's volume an intelligent conception of the literature of various epochs; while to many young readers books of the nature of "Stories from the Greek Comedians" are valuable because they stimulate interest and lead to more extensive study and research into the ancient storehouses of literary treasures. In his preface Professor Church calls attention to the fact that the Greeks had three schools of Comedy—The old, the middle, and the new. The old was "The Comedy of Politics"; the new school was "The Comedy of Manners," while the special feature of the middle school was not so marked.

Each story is complete, but the author has at times employed his own charming power as a "story teller." At other times he paraphrases, and still again he makes literal translations. Thus the reader not only follows the story, but catches glimpses of the style of dialogue, together with the habits of thought and other characteristics of the times in which the authors lived, of the periods of which they wrote. The work is divided into two parts: First, Stories from the Old Comedians; second, Stories from the New Comedians. There are nine examples in the first division, and six in the second. Sixteen full-page antique illustrations add to the value of the text. It is a valuable work, giving as it does a charming insight into Greek political and social life as mirrored in the old-time comedy.

*"Stories from the Greek Comedians." By Alfred J. Church, M. A. Illustrated. Cloth; pp. 344; price, \$1. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

BOOK CHAT AND LITERARY NOTES.

"THE STORY OF THE ILIAD," by Alfred J. Church, M. A. [Macmillan & Co., N. Y. Price, 50 cents.] Professor Church has rendered a real service by adapting the Iliad to the comprehension of children too young to follow appreciatively the wonderful masterpiece of Grecian thought. Most stories adapted from the great poets are weak and insipid, and it is a pleasure to note that Professor Church maintains a dignity of style and expression in harmony with his theme. In short, he gives in prose a fair hint of the Iliad. Children reading this book will take an added interest in the Iliad later in life.

"THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN," by Helen G. Ecob. [Fowler Wells Co., New York. Price, \$1.] Is a most interesting and sensible volume. To be well dressed is the aim of every woman. An aim laudable enough, yet daily observation shows that in essential respects our sisters in the grand aggregate fail. Fashion's capricious goddess dictates the "style," with, for the most part, an utter disregard of the natural in human form and the necessities of life; and the public, especially that part of the public termed "society," adopts what fashion orders. There may be richness and beauty of material *per se*, and the dressmaker may show taste in associating color and trimming; but aside from being the carrier of a considerable stock of dry goods, the fashionable woman is usually very far from being "well dressed," in the proper sense.

The author of this volume, just from the press, looks into essentials. She discusses her subject from those points of view that its rational consideration suggests to the thoughtful mind. For instance, these are some of the topics that engage attention: Causes of ill health; the sins of the corset as revealed by the deformities it produces; its pernicious effect on the heart, lungs, etc.; woman's special physiology of sex, etc.; what constitutes beauty of form, grace of motion, and the æsthetic elements of dress? what there is of morality in the way that women array themselves for out-of-door or in-door life. The absurdities as well as physiological errors of common methods are scored, and our sister-women are clearly admonished of the blame that attaches to their own acts for very much of the suffering and sorrow, as well as inconvenience and discomfort that they experience.

But does the book give counsel for the correction of dress abuses, and to help women to emancipate themselves from the servitude of the common usage? Yes, and very practical are the suggestions. Herein constitutes the chief value of the book, and its reason for publication. Its advice is of the kind that can be followed, and the woman be assured that she is well dressed indeed; i.e., becomingly as to pattern and adaptation to form, and healthfully as well as comfortably. It is fair to state that this book merits an extensive sale. Its character has only to be known to assure a ready and growing demand.

"SHORT TALKS ON CHARACTER BUILDING," by G. T. Howerton. [Fowler Wells Co., New York. Price, \$1.] We have many books that offer advice and suggestion on the formation of character; some good, others merely repetitions of the commonly received axiomatic wisdom of the day regarding duty and goodness, and the essentials of success. Mr. Howerton has taken up his pen as a practical observer and student of life. A teacher, he has been a student of the young, and with the aid of the best-known system of observation. The reader is impressed, on opening the book, that the author is in thorough earnest, and does not merely deal in words. He goes at once into the theme, and shows how much society needs instruction and practical advice with regard to the development of character. He analyzes the three fundamental elements of a true individuality, — birth, education, and regeneration, — and transfers their relation to the future of the youth or maiden. How one may "stand in his own light" is pithily illustrated; and what sort of work should be done by education, for every boy and girl, is set out in a sharp light. The constituents of character and disposition are defined at length, and their influences portrayed that make or mar the noblest attributes. What marriage has to do with us and for us, comes in for a good share of consideration, and naturally enough the common habits of society are critically diagnosed for what they are worth. There is nothing prosy in the style of the book, and preachments are avoided; while the offhand conversational tone, numerous illustrations, and frequent anecdotes make it pleasantly interesting. It is a book that we can commend to the parent and teacher and to young people, as a real help toward the understanding of character, and toward its improvement in the most desirable lines.

"THE ROYAL ROAD TO BEAUTY, HEALTH, AND A HIGHER DEVELOPMENT," by Carricale Favre [Fowler Wells Co., New York. Price, paper, 25 cents], is No. 12 of the "Science of Health" Library. The basis of this "Royal Road" is reform in diet and better habits of life. The author takes a stand against the extravagant meat-eating propensities of the American people, and she suggests that we will find advantages in living for health, which always means for beauty. Ladies will be specially interested in the work, and it should be in the hands of every mother of young girls. The work is by the author of "Delsartean Physical Culture," and it is rather an exception to find a work on beauty not filled with suggestions of cosmetics and drugs.

SOME NEW WORKS FROM THE PRESS OF THE ARENA.

The Arena Company has just issued four important works which will be reviewed at an early date: The "Romance of a Southern Town," a charming romance of Southern life, by a native Southerner. In it the author, Mr. Will N. Harben, is seen at his best. "Wit and Humor of the Bible," by Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D. "Psychics: Present Theories

and Status," by Rev. M. J. Savage, and "Poems," by Neith Boyce. This last work is a beautiful little volume suitable for holidays or birthday remembrance.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN," by Helen Gilbert Ecob. Cloth; pp. 253. Published by Fowler Wells Co., New York.

"AMERICA: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE," by G. Campbell. Paper; pp. 199; price, 50 cents. Published by the author, Mound Valley, Kansas.

"THE SALE OF A SOUL," by C. M. S. McLellan. Paper; pp. 255; price, 50 cents. Published by Town Topics Publishing Company, New York.

"THE GOLDEN BOTTLE," by Ignatius Donnelly. Pp. 313; cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. Published by D. D. Merrill Company, St. Paul, Minn.

"CIVILIZATION CIVILIZED," by Stephen Maybell. Paper; pp. 354; price, 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Gesteifield & Co., New York.

"AMONG THE THEOLOGIES," by Hiram Orcutt, LL. D. Cloth; pp. 150; price, 75 cents. Published by De Wolfe, Fiske & Co., Boston.

"A PERPLEXED PHILOSOPHER," by Henry George. Pp. 319; cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents. Published by Chas. L. Webster & Co., New York.

"IOLA LEROY; OR, SHADOWS UPLIFTED," by Frances E. W. Harper. Cloth; pp. 282. Published by Carrigues Bros., 608 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Penn.

"SOCIALISM FROM GENESIS TO REVELATION," by Rev. F. M. Sprague. Cloth; pp. 493; price, \$1.75. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"A WOMAN'S PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE," by Caroline F. Corbin. Cloth; pp. 302; price, \$1.50. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"QUABBIN: THE STORY OF A NEW ENGLAND TOWN," by Francis H. Underwood, LL. D. Cloth; pp. 375; price, \$1.75. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"IN HEALTH," by A. J. Ingersoll, M.D. Cloth; pp. 261; price, \$1. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"THE MISSING MAN," by Mary R. P. Hatch. Paper; pp. 306; price, 50 cents; cloth, \$1. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"LIFE OF CHRISTIAN DANIEL RAUCH, THE SCULPTOR," by Ednah D. Cheney. Cloth; pp. 331; price, \$3. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

"SPECTACULAR ROMANCES," by W. H. Ballou. Paper; pp. 190. Published by W. D. Rowland, New York.

"THE DUTIES OF MAN," by Joseph Mazzini. Paper; pp. 146; price, 15 cents. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"IN ARCTIC SEAS; OR, THE VOYAGE OF THE KITE," by Robert Keely, Jr., M. D., and G. G. Davis, A. M., M. D., M. R. C. S. White vellum, stamped in silver and gold; pp. 524. Published by Rufus C. Hartranft, Philadelphia, Penn.

"THE LAST TOUCHES, AND OTHER STORIES," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Cloth; pp. 269; price, \$1. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"POCAHONTAS: A STORY OF VIRGINIA," by John R. Musick. Cloth; pp. 366; price, \$1.50. Published by Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"THE STORY OF THE ILIAD," by A. J. Church, M. D. Cloth; pp. 316; price, 50 cents. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"ALL AROUND THE YEAR: A CALENDAR." Price, 50 cents. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass.

"MY THREE-LEGGED STORY-TELLER," by Adelaide Skeel. Cloth and gold, \$1; paper, 50 cents. Published by Rufus C. Hartranft, Philadelphia, Penn.

"A MODERN CATECHISM," by Ursula N. Gestefeld. Paper; pp. 63; price, 25 cents. Published by Lovell, Gestefeld & Co., New York.

"CYCLISTS' DRILL REGULATIONS, UNITED STATES ARMY," by Lieutenant Wm. T. May, M. A. Paper; pp. 48. Published by Pope Manufacturing Company, Boston, Mass.

"CYCLE-INFANTRY DRILL REGULATIONS," by Brigadier-General Albert Ordway. Cloth; pp. 70. Published by Pope Manufacturing Company, Boston, Mass.

"INTERPRETING PROPHECY AND THE APPEARING OF CHRIST," by A. G. Hollister. Paper; pp. 41. Published by Guiding Star Publishing House, Washington Heights, Ill.

"ACTS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY APOSTLES," by Parker Pillsbury. Cloth; pp. 503. Published by the author, Concord, N. H.

"THE ROMANCE OF A FRENCH PARSONAGE," by M. Betham Edwards. pp. 315; cloth, \$1.25; paper, 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Gestefeld & Co., New York.

"NARCISSUS AND OTHER POEMS," by Walter Malone. Cloth; pp. 118. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Penn.

"THOSE GIRLS," by John Strange Winter. Cloth; pp. 244; price, \$1. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., 31 Union Square, North, New York.

"THE LAST CONFESSION," by Hall Caine. Cloth; pp. 178; price, \$1. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., 31 Union Square, North, New York.

"THE SECRET OF NARCISSE," by Edmund Gosse. Cloth; pp. 240; price, \$1. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., 31 Union Square, North, New York.

"A BATTLE AND A BOY," by Blanche Willis Howard. A story for young people. Cloth; pp. 286; price, \$1. Published by Tait, Sons & Co., 31 Union Square, North, New York.

"SHORT TALKS ON CHARACTER BUILDING," by G. T. Howerton. Cloth; pp. 228; price, \$1.25. Published by Fowler Wells Co., 27 East 21st Street, New York.

"WHERE IS MY DOG; OR, IS MAN ALONE IMMORTAL?" by Charles J. Adams. Cloth; pp. 202; price, \$1. Published by Fowler Wells Co., 27 East 21st Street, New York.

"THE ROYAL ROAD TO BEAUTY," by Carricale Favre. Paper; price, 25 cents. Published by Fowler Wells Co., 27 East 21st Street, New York.

"HIS GRACE," by W. E. Norris. Cloth; pp. 278; price, \$1.25. Published by U. S. Book Company, New York.

"THE TECHNIQUE OF THE DRAMA," by W. T. Price. Cloth; pp. 288. Published by Brentano's, New York.

"THE GALILEAN; OR, JESUS THE WORLD'S SAVIOUR," by Geo. C. Lorimer, D. D. Cloth; pp. 448. Published by Silver, Bindet & Co., Boston, Mass.

"DONNELLIANA," by Everett W. Fish, M. D. Published by F. J. Schulte & Co., 298 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

"MEMORIAL OF SAMUEL N. WOOD," by Margaret L. Wood. Price, cloth, \$1.50; paper, \$1. Published by Hudson-Kimberly Publishing Company, Kansas City, Mo.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Educational Power of Music.

OUR reader will find much food for thought in the vital truths so forcibly presented by Professor Buchanan in his brilliant essay in this issue of the ARENA. Professor Buchanan many years ago blazed a pathway which with tortoise speed the educational world is now traversing. I believe his views, if everywhere incorporated in educational training, would come nearer transforming the world and ushering in a new dispensation, pervaded by love, justice, and fraternity, than all other dreams, schemes or plans, however good, yet advanced by social reformers. Every teacher and parent in the land should read the paper from Professor Buchanan in this issue of THE ARENA.

Mr. Savage on Money.

Our readers have enjoyed many papers of special interest and value from the pen of Mr. Savage on psychical research, educational topics, and religious subjects. In this issue of THE ARENA the eminent Unitarian divine discusses the value of money, stating many vital truths only understood in a confused way by many writers.

Charles Darwin.

On the 15th of February, eighty-four years ago, a child was born destined to play an important part in the world's history; a child whom fate had willed should one day do more than any other individual of his century to change the current of a world's thought on the profound problem of life's development or evolution. His life was in so many ways remarkable and worthy of imitation that I have prepared for this number of THE ARENA a brief sketch outlining the life and the wonderful achievements of this great philosopher.

Was It Prophecy?

In his vivid sketch entitled "Was It Prophecy?" the well-known poet Mr.

Wm. P. McKenzie, B. A., voices thoughts which are present in more or less prominent form in millions of minds to-day. There is food for reflection in this paper which, like "Caesar's Column," is a danger signal or warning voice to easy-going society. Mr. McKenzie, in his two volumes of poems, "Voices and Undertones" and "Poems of the Human," frequently evinces a profound interest in the cause of justice "for all the people."

Proportional Representation.

We publish this month an admirable paper on "Proportional Representation" by W. D. McCrackan, A. M., whose history of the Swiss Republic, recently published, has called forth the highest encomiums on both sides of the water. Mr. McCrackan is peculiarly well fitted to write intelligently on topics relating to the Swiss Republic, owing to his having spent years of patient study and research in Switzerland. We shall publish other papers from his scholarly pen in early issues of THE ARENA.

Helen Campbell's Remarkable Essays on Women Wage-Earners.

This month we give the second paper of Helen Campbell's valuable series of contributions on "Women Wage-Earners of To-day." No person interested in social and economic subjects can afford to overlook these valuable papers which represent months of patient research.

Kinza Minamoto Hirai.

It will be interesting to our readers to know some facts relating to the scholarly Japanese who contributes the interesting paper on "Religious Thought in Japan" to this issue of THE ARENA. I therefore give a condensed sketch of our author, furnished me by a leading thinker now residing on the Pacific Coast, who is well acquainted with many facts relating to the remarkable career of Kinza Hirai. My friend writes:—

He is a thorough scholar, profoundly learned in philosophy, science, and the history, habits, and religion of his country and the Orient. He belongs to the Minamoto family, which descended from Teina, the fifty-sixth emperor of Japan, and is directly descended from the Shogun Ashikaga (Shogun is better known by the appellation of Tycoon by the Western nations).

Mr. Hirai was one of the earnest political reformers in the remarkable bloodless revolution in which the absolute monarchy was changed to the present constitutional government. He was a patriot, a famous lecturer and teacher. He founded an academy at the sacrifice of his own personal fortune. He for some time edited and published a magazine in Japan, and was the author of several works on religious and philosophical subjects written in the Japanese language. He has made a profound study of Buddhism and other Oriental religions.

Kinza Hirai has been officially invited to read a paper on Buddhism at the Religious Congress or Parliament to be held next summer at the World's Fair.

Alfred Russel Wallace on Social Progress in America.

Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the eminent evolutionary scientist, has given much thought during recent years to social problems, moved by a strong desire to better the condition of the masses. For the past few months Dr. Wallace has been engaged in preparing two papers on the next step forward, or outlining what, in his judgment, is the way out of the present deplorable social and economic conditions. These papers are entitled "The Social Quagmire and the Way Out." The first discusses the farmer, and the second the wage-earner. Dr. Wallace strikes at what he believes to be the root of our social evils. His contributions will be among the most important social and economic essays of the present year, and will challenge the attention of thoughtful people. The paper devoted to the farmer is a wonderful economic essay, displaying keen insight, careful and conscientious thought, and pervaded throughout by the scientific spirit present in all his writings. It strikes at the foundation of the social evil, showing that beyond the problems of "money" and "transportation" lies the land question. This essay will appear in our next number.

Professor S. P. Wait on Life After Death.

A feature of the March *ARENA* will be a noteworthy paper from the pen of Professor Sheridan P. Wait on "Life After Death." Professor Wait's papers on "Old and New Testament Symbolisms," published in earlier issues of *THE ARENA*, called forth much favorable criticism. This essay will, I think, interest all readers who are in touch with the best thought of our day along metaphysical lines. A work by this author is, I understand, now in the hands of the printer, and will be issued the latter part of March. It will embody the result of many years of patient research, and will without doubt meet with a large sale.

The Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy. — A Word of Explanation.

I feel that a word of explanation is due to our readers and especially to the jury in the Bacon-Shakespeare Case. My original intention was to publish Dr. Furnivall's and Mr. Rolfe's papers in the January *ARENA*, in the February issue I expected to have the subject summed up, and the verdict rendered in the April and May issues. Dr. Furnivall failed to fulfil his contract and also neglected to inform me of his inability to do so until I cabled him. I then learned that his notes had been destroyed. Mr. Rolfe kindly consented to further discuss the subject, noticing the closing arguments made by the counsel for the plaintiff. I still hope to have Dr. Furnivall's paper for the March *ARENA*; and in event of his disappointing me a second time, the case will be summed up in March and the verdict given in May.

A Graceful Tribute to Professor Buchanan.

The following editorial appeared in the *Kansas City Journal* of December 9:—

Professor Joseph Rodas Buchanan, so well known to the thinking world as the originator of new sciences, and especially as the founder of the new Anthropology, has determined to spend the remainder of the century in the genial climate of California, and leaves Kansas City at once for Los Angeles. His readers know that he

is the most original thinker of his time; and Californians will not be disappointed in meeting him; for they will find him, not only a genial reformer, but an able teacher,—being not only the most philosophic of our orators, but the most eloquent of those who are called philosophers. His style of expression has a peculiar vigor and a comprehensive boldness of thought which are not to be found in the writings of such philosophers as Spencer, Mill, Comte, Huxley, Tyndall, Cousin, and those of Germany. Huxley, who comes nearest to him in this respect, has not his breadth and originality. He has not been, like Humboldt and Darwin, an explorer of the old fields of investigation, but has opened an entirely new field, and aims at nothing less than an entire intellectual and social revolution; and he has carried with him a large body of intelligent readers.

The Death of Dr. Henry A. Hartt.

It is my sad duty to announce the death of Dr. Henry A. Hartt, whose spirit passed from the body since our last issue. Dr. Hartt was more than a skillful physician and a fine scholar. He possessed a noble, philanthropic nature, which led him to devote a large portion of his life to relieving the suffering, and healing the sick who were poor, without asking or expecting any remuneration. Some time ago he established a home for incurables, where many poor people have been cured after they had been pronounced hopelessly incurable by attending physicians. In his noble work he was generously assisted by many leading physicians, and others who appreciated his unselfish devotion to the miserales of society. He was strictly orthodox in his religious views; indeed, in this respect, he belonged to the ultra wing of orthodoxy, holding, if I mistake not, to plenary inspiration. His views on the temperance question were radically unconventional. He argued that drunkenness was a crime, and should be severely punished as such; but that moderate drinking was not only proper, but had the unmistakable sanction of the Bible, which to him was law. The only time I enjoyed a personal interview with Dr. Hartt was about two months ago. He had visited friends in Nova Scotia and stopped in Boston, as he informed me, purposely to have a personal chat with me. He reached my home at nine o'clock, and remained till almost twelve.

That evening I shall always remember as a most delightful event in my life. Dr. Hartt, though well advanced in years, was vigorous, and seemingly well equipped for many years of usefulness. True, his hair and beard were white as snow, but his face was ruddy, his step firm, and in every respect he seemed to be in perfect health. His death was a great shock to me; for though we differed widely on many points, especially on religious questions, we both recognized the sincerity of the other, and were singularly congenial. To the dear ones who remain I tender my profound sympathy. I know that to them his loss will be irreparable. For him, however, I doubt not that a brighter day has dawned; his noble soul has naturally gravitated to a higher sphere where light and love make life radiant.

Generous Donations for the Suffering and Friendless.

A friend from Illinois who does not wish his name mentioned has given five hundred dollars for the relief of the destitute in the slums of Boston, and one hundred and fifty dollars toward the Parental Home for the children of the slums. The first amount has largely been expended for the destitute. It has enabled the opening of a Soup Kitchen in the slums of the North End. Numbers of families also have been supplied with coal, and an immense amount of misery relieved. Such deeds as the giving of this money testify most eloquently to the God in man.

Mrs. Gougar on Alcohol in the Bible.

In the March or April ARENA I expect to publish a carefully written paper from the pen of Helen Gougar, on the subject of alcohol in the Bible. A fine portrait of Mrs. Gougar will accompany the paper.

A Religion for All Time.

A brilliant paper from the pen of Louis R. Ehrich will be a feature of THE ARENA for March. It is alive with the noblest thought of the new day, as inspiring as Drummond's "Greatest Thing in the

World," and, though not so orthodox, is, in my judgment, even more vital in thought than that noble essay.

The Dream Child.

Florence Huntley's fascinating theological story, "The Dream Child," is meeting with a large sale, and is receiving excellent notices from the press. The following is from the *Boston Budget* for Dec. 25. 1892:—

An extremely interesting study of occult phenomena is given in "The Dream Child," by Florence Huntley, a story written to especially set forth the philosophic truth of universal brotherhood and endless progression. The heroine, Mrs. Varlen, has the strange experience of being each night entranced, and journeying in spirit to the spirit land. Curious experiences are unfolded, but all is rational, and commends itself to the earnest student. One finds such passages as these:—

"You found that spiritual life was akin to physical, and that the five physical senses of man are correlated to the spiritual senses of such as have made the transition. . . . Physical being is the shadow rather than the substance of life. . . . You found this astral world higher, finer, more complex, having increased avenues and enlarged capabilities for the attainment of knowledge, the exercise of power, and the enjoyment of love. As the bent of faith determines the matured character of man, so do the aspirations of earth life determine the character of his spiritual life and employment."

"The Dream Child" is one of the many new works of the day inspired by the new thought stirring in the air, and it will be found one of considerable interest and not without value.

The *Cleveland Daily Leader* thus reviews this romance:—

Florence Huntley, a graceful, finished writer, who will be remembered as the widow of a newspaper humorist, has joined the number of those authors, represented by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, who have taken a fancy to depict the life to come. In this little book, nearly perfect but for a lack of the requisite imagination to fitly place before the reader the heavens and what they hold, a very daring project, a mother, after losing her daughter, goes into a mysterious trance-like condition, in which she sees and holds communication with the little one in heaven. This continues for a good many years, until the child grows to girlhood, when a change in her surroundings makes it necessary for them to separate. To attempt anything like a recapitulation of what the mother saw and related to her husband would of course be impossible. To quote a paragraph will suffice: "I have again walked in the summerland, and the truth and the law have been revealed," she tells her husband after one of the trances. "You must know," and her words rang with the fulness of conviction, "that between the visible and the invisible, between earth and heaven, rolls no impassable gulf. All life is one and inseparable, all truth is one and indivisible. There is no death, there is only transition. There is loss nowhere, there is only development. Life is continuous as it radiates from its infinite sources; as it projects us from, and recalls us to, its central fire. We dwell in the potential forces of the universe; we are an inseparable part of all heat, motion, and intelligence, and we live through time and eternity. We are immortals, and our inheritance reaches beyond the stars. Immortality is a fact. There are no empty spaces in nature. The universe is pulsing with conscious life. Man lives upon the planets, spirit traverses space, but God is everywhere." The whole book is well written and is more than usually interesting to those who have a curiosity in matters of this kind.

AN APPEAL FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE SLUMS.

I GIVE below a short paper prepared at my request by Professor J. Heber Smith, M. D., president of the Parental Home Association, setting forth its aims and requirements. I have been frequently informed that there are thousands of rich men and women who stand ready to help any charity which promises genuine reformation of character and the advancement of a diviner civilization. Here is an opportunity for our millionnaires to aid in establishing a home which would lead to the inauguration of similar institutions in every commonwealth, and by which numbers of lives would be taken from degrading surroundings, which are practically schools for vice and crime, and made useful members of society. We must reform society at the fountain-head. We must look to the children and save them before their plastic minds have become hardened by age. "No man liveth unto himself." We as individuals, or as a people, may ignore this vital truth for a time. But sooner or later retribution will come; and to us who believe life to be something more than a fleeting day, to us who believe that every good and every evil deed or thought is registered in the soul, that every selfish indulgence and unworthy act lead downward, dwarf the spirit, and leave a pit or scar upon the visage of the soul, this responsibility we owe to others assumes proportions which should compel us to live for others, to scatter the sunshine of life on every hand, to aid every effort like the one in question, which will build character, help boyhood to a noble manhood, and mould immortal lives for eternity. To assist in this work should be more than a sacred duty,—it should be a pleasure and a privilege,—and I appeal to our readers to aid loyally in this most noble enterprise. So much depends on this work; for its success will lead to the establishment of scores of similar institutions in other commonwealths, and every dollar now given will be far more useful than thousands after the institution has won the approval of conservatism, and needs little or no outside aid. The immediate requirement, in order to receive a deed to the property, I understand from Professor Smith, to be seventeen hundred dollars. The raising of this amount will mark a victory of no mean proportions for one of the noblest charities of our time. How many of our readers will help this great constructive work? Any contributions sent to this office will be acknowledged in the columns of THE ARENA. Below I give the statement of Doctor Smith:—

THE PARENTAL HOME ASSOCIATION was chartered in 1891 under the laws of Massachusetts, upon the petition of fifty or more citizens, including prominent representatives of various professions and well-known business men of the State.

It is recognized that the regeneration of society must begin with the children, and that in them rest the hopes of the Republic.

Efforts in behalf of the unfortunate and criminal classes are being directed with more intelligence every year, looking towards reformation rather than punishment, and the furnishing of mental growth and hand-training, to properly fit for honest citizenship. Under application of the "indeterminate sentence," with practical appeal for good behavior, and substitution of self-control and tasks for bars and threats, the qualities needed for resistance of evil tendencies outside prisons will be yet more and more developed. But all this kind of reformatory work is coming to be estimated as subordinate in promise for good to practical, scientific, tentative study of the proper reception, bestowal, and evolution of neglected and destitute *children*, orphans, or *worse*, that are at present inadequately provided for by the state or the established charities.

Under the old *regime*, notwithstanding all that was attempted, there remained in 1891 about six hundred children in local almshouses here in Massachusetts, besides many thousand worse than homeless, and two thousand and ninety-two juvenile state wards. Many of these little ones are crowded with criminals and demented in the almshouses, old and young mingling freely. It is incredible but true that the Parental Home has been termed in the press a "superfluous charity"! It is to receive children, of necessity legally transferred to its guardianship, not younger than three nor older than twelve. It is purposed to keep pupils until they have received the equivalent of a grammar-school education, and thorough and practical industrial training, through graded courses, until about the age of eighteen, when they are to receive graduating papers testifying to character, and skill in one or more of the trades, and to the completion of the entire course of instruction.

The "placing out system," now being tried in this state, is not proving entirely adequate to the situation, neither is it always practicable. But it is not the purpose of the Parental Home to offer unfavorable criticism upon congeners in compassion, however unprogressive they may seem to many dispassionate observers.

We call attention to this movement as already lying near the heart of many state officials, clergymen, members of the bar, police justices, city and town officials, to say nothing of an innumerable body of warm-hearted Christian men and women throughout this union of states.

The methods of the Lyman School at Westboro, a state institution for juvenile offenders under sentence of court, offer a radical departure from those of the House of Reformation, and go far to demonstrate the reasonableness of the plans of the Parental Home. The Lyman School is organized upon the family system, the boys living in separate cottages containing thirty each. Every aspect of confinement is discarded, the playgrounds being open, the windows unbarred, and the boys intrusted with entire freedom. Even with such a class of sentenced boys the average number of punishments has fallen seventy-five per cent. All work every morning, on the farm or at some industrial occupation. Special emphasis is laid upon a stimulating course of study, drawing, mechanical and free-hand, manual training in woodwork, singing, martial drill, and a physical-culture drill, looking towards the perfection of ill-developed nervous centres, so common with the unfortunately born.

We gather from trustworthy and official information for two years that only about one fifth of these Lyman School boys find their way to prison, while the other four fifths are mostly known to be doing well; whereas one half of the House of Reformation boys under the old *regime* have incurred new sentences from the court, while, from the lack of proper supervision and records, nothing is known of the other half. With these figures before us, what may we not expect to do with children who have never rested under

the taint of a criminal sentence, but have been adopted by the Parental Home, to be cared for until truly self-supporting?

The Home is purchasing a beautiful and available estate in Danvers, known as the Massey Farm, and is in need of contributions of money and materials for beginning its work. It is desired to remove the present indebtedness of about twelve thousand dollars, and to pay the salaries of a superintendent, matron, kindergarten teacher, and farmer, with necessary help, and to supply means for the maintenance of not more than seventy-five boys and girls of a proper age for the forming of primary classes, pending the erection of suitable buildings and facilities for teaching the industrial arts. It is estimated that a school of this number can be well kept upon a farm of this size, about one hundred and twenty acres, and at an annual cost of not more than twenty thousand dollars. The Home has adopted for its motto, "Education, Industry, Citizenship."

Those who contribute the sum of one hundred dollars will be presented a certificate as one of the founders; and the sum of twenty-five dollars will constitute a life member. Founders and life members are to be accorded special influence in designating suitable children for the Home, and thus have placed within their personal reach an instrumentality through which they can save some boy or girl who might otherwise find life a miserable failure.

THE ARENA is empowered to receive contributions.

J. HEBER SMITH.

Since our publication of this appeal, a friend in Illinois has contributed one hundred and fifty dollars, and Mrs. R. T. Reed, president of the ARENA PUBLISHING COMPANY, has contributed one hundred dollars, making two hundred and fifty dollars subscribed through THE ARENA toward the seventeen hundred dollars needed before the deed can be secured for the property. I trust other friends will feel able to aid this noble measure, which will give to the generation of to-morrow noble, useful men and women where otherwise we would have paupers or criminals.

OUR FUND FOR THE DESERVING POOR.

It is now a little over two years since THE ARENA began an agitation for the dwellers of the slums of Boston, and a little over a year and a half has elapsed since I made an appeal to our readers for funds to be used in relieving the actual sufferings of the worthy poor and to aid persons out of work to obtain employment. Since this appeal up to the present time I have received \$2,687.44 from readers of THE ARENA. I have from time to time published reports of the disbursement of this money, and I hope sometime to be able to give our readers a more elaborate and detailed statement of permanent benefits already rendered, as well as a fuller description of the immense good rendered the very poor in the hours of actual starvation through the money thus contributed. Numbers of persons have, through this fund, been placed on their feet when on the brink of despair, and are now earning a comfortable livelihood. Hundreds of families in a starving condition have been relieved and aided until they succeeded in obtaining work. Through this fund last winter the Bethel Mission, situated in the heart of the slums of the North End, was enabled to establish a soup kitchen, where for a comparatively small amount of money nutritious soup was supplied to hundreds of families after personal investigation revealed the need for food. A portion of this money was used for an Industrial and Kindergarten School, which already is showing wonderfully beneficent results. By recent liberal contributions we have been enabled to again open the soup kitchen. The Industrial and Kindergarten Schools are also in operation. Of the balance not accounted for in this report, \$250 are now being used for these purposes and for relieving the distress of worthy families, a full report of which will be given later. Probably before the report reaches the eyes of our readers the greater portion of our fund will be exhausted. The months of December, January, February, and March are always very trying in the slums. The wretchedness which I witnessed in a journey through the North End the day before writing this report, beggars all description. Hence, I urge any friends who feel disposed to aid this noble charity, and have the means at command, to send any aid they can afford as early as possible, that the work may not be hampered during the period when help is most needed.

REPORT.

Total receipts previously acknowledged	\$2,159 09
Disbursements as per itemized accounts published	2,061 09
Balance	\$ 98 00
Receipts since last report	527 75
	\$625 75
Disbursements as per account below	124 85
	\$500 90

Of the above \$500, for which an account has not been rendered, more than \$200 has already been disbursed in the North End, which will form a part of our next report.

Balance on hand from last report \$98 00

MONEY RECEIVED SINCE LAST REPORT.

A friend in Illinois	\$500 00	
Arthur H. Behrens, New York City, N. Y.	5 00	
James W. Farrington, San Francisco, Cal.	4 00	
E. G. Johnson, Roxbury, Mass.	5 00	
C. L. H., Boston, Mass.	2 00	
E. M. F., Los Angeles, Cal.	1 00	
Mrs. R. B. Jones, Providence, R. I.	2 75	
A friend, Melrose, Mass.	5 00	
Herman Snow, Vineland, N. J.	2 00	
Sarah P. Sargent, Moselle, N. D.	1 00	
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	\$527 75	527 75
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		\$625 75

DISBURSEMENTS SINCE LAST REPORT.

To Mr. Thing, Treasurer of the Young Men's Association of Bowdoin Square Church, to help pay for ice used during the summer in the public ice-water fountain \$25 00

Of this beneficent charity I have before written. It has supplied thousands of parched, sick lips with cool water who otherwise would have had none. It has been the means of preventing many persons from entering the saloons. The fountain is situated within almost a stone's throw of the worst tenements in the West End, and has proved a boon to the very poor.

To three families whose condition was investigated and who required money for rent, food, and clothes		31 65
To a poor man for hat to enable him to go to work, and to a minister confined to bed in urgent need of life's necessities		29 50
Food for two families		6 20
To amount disbursed in the slums of the North End up to December 8, 1892, as follows :		52 50
Repairs on fourteen pairs second-hand boots and shoes	\$6 75	
Rent and relief to poor widow	5 45	
Groceries to nine families	3 54	
Medicine to two sick people	65	
Milk and fruit for sick	75	
Coal for two families	1 50	
Temperance work	4 21	
Clothing	1 15	
Thanksgiving dinner for poor	6 50	
Other relief to needy men	2 00	
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	\$32 50	124 85

THE ARENA believes in helping the suffering of to-day, as well as working for fundamental reforms which will transform civilization. There are hundreds of bright little ones in the slums of Boston who would prove useful citizens if they had one fourth the chance that other children have. I have seen scores of bright child faces within the past week in the most abject poverty in the slums of the North End. The Bethel Mission is carrying on a noble work contending against adverse or downward tendencies all around these unfortunates. Many children in the social cellar to-day will, through the efforts of Mr. Swaffield, Miss Griffin, and their co-laborers, become noble men and women who otherwise would grow up the victims of the saloon or the children of vice.

